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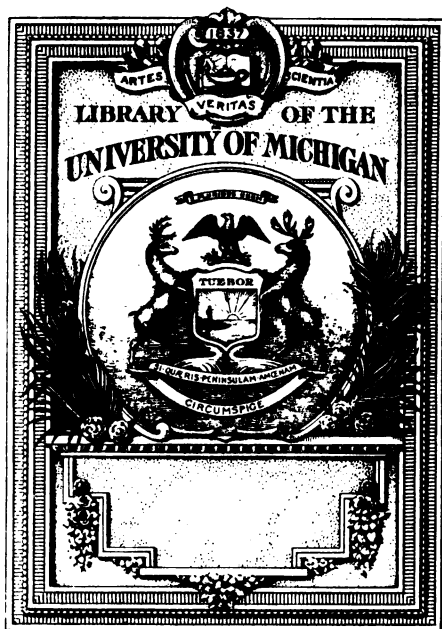
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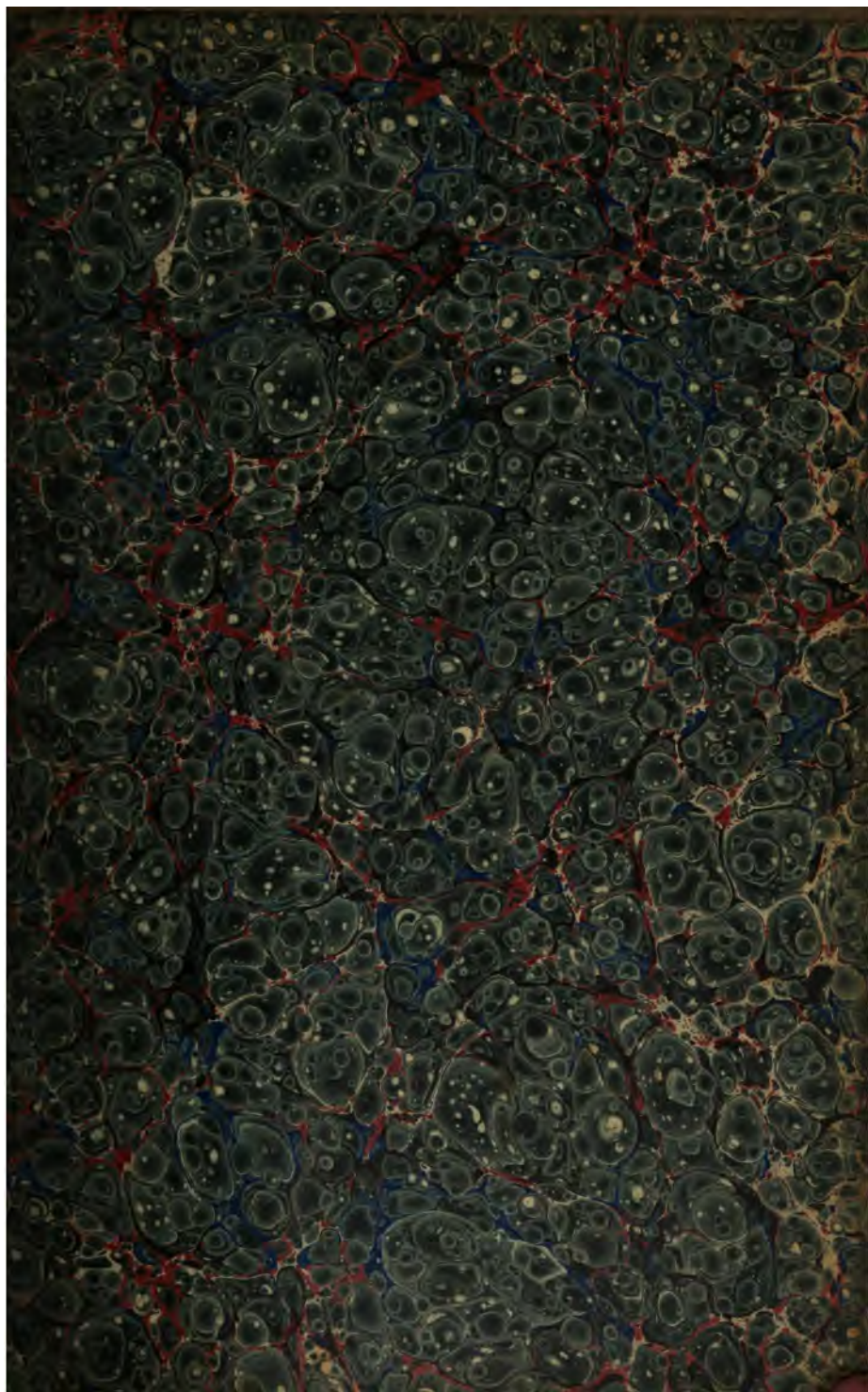
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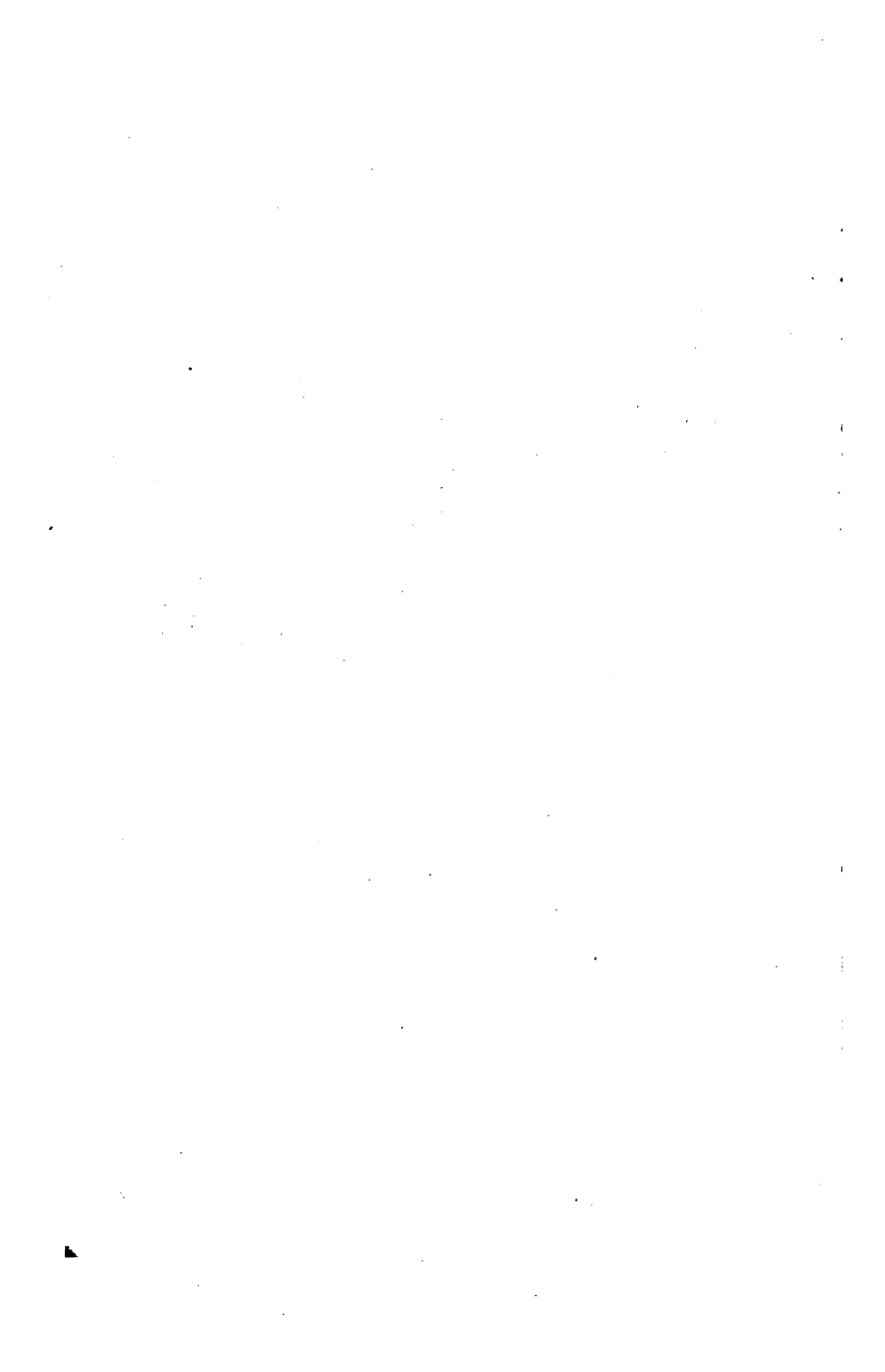




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Marion Tucker
20th Feb. 1880.

SONNETS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

J. M'Creery, Took's-court,
Chancery-lane, London.

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SONNETS,
ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED,

BY THE LATE :

CHARLES JOHNSTON, ESQ.

OF DANSON, KENT,

AND FORMERLY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

London :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1823.

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TO
STEPHEN TUCKER, ESQ.

WELLING, KENT.

MY DEAR SIR,

I DEDICATE to you this little Volume of Sonnets, agreeably to the wishes of my late Nephew, who thus meant, as his Dissolution approached, to express the Love and Respect that he bore you.

How justly they were your due, the Family and myself most deeply feel; your Society and Friendship long cheered the hours of his protracted illness, and you watched over him with every office of Tenderness and Humanity to the last moments of his earthly existence.

Believe me,

With every sentiment of Regard and Respect,

Very truly, yours,

THE EDITOR.

Danson, Kent,
Feb. 1823.

The following Translations were intended by the Author to give the English Reader an adequate Idea of the Italian Sonnet—of Petrarch's more particularly. He so highly estimated the merit of being literal, that the Originals are annexed by the Editor.

Librarian
Sotheman
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S O N N E T S.

SONNET 1.

THERE is a virtue, which to fortune's height
Follows us not, but in the vale below,
Where dwell the ills of life, disease and woe,
Holds on its steady course, serenely bright :
So some lone star, whose softly beaming light
We mark not, in the blaze of solar day,
Comes forth with pure and ever-constant ray,
That makes e'en beautiful the gloom of night.
Thou art that star, so beauteous and so lone,
That virtue of distress, FIDELITY,
And thou, when every joy and hope is flown,
Cling'st to the relics of humanity,
Making, with all its sorrows, life still dear,
And death, with all its terrors, void of fear.

SONNET II.

INEUNTE ANNO 1822.

I've seen my day, before its noon, decline,
And dark is still the future, nor, alas !
Can Hope, with all the magic of her glass,
Irradiate the deep gloom, which fate malign
Hath gather'd round. Yet will I not repine,
For tho' the courage that can do and dare
Be brighter glory ; unsubdued, to bear,
That calmer, better virtue may be mine ;
For this is of the mind ; the battle-plain
Asks but a moment's energies, and fame
First wakens, and then keeps alive the flame ;
But patience must itself, itself sustain,
And must itself reward, nor care to find
The praise, or the compassion of mankind.

SONNET III.

The six following Sonnets were written on a Voyage from
Madeira to England.

MADEIRA, loveliest isle of isles, farewell !

If, nurs'd in odorous bowers by zephyrs mild,

Of health and peace Contentment were the child,

Well might Contentment love green Funchal's dell.

But oft, alas ! the youthful soul will swell

With restless thoughts, and feed on visions wild,

Till, by Ambition's serpent-tongue beguil'd,

'Tis pain, in happiness secure, to dwell.

Then happy, but inglorious Isle, adieu !

Yet deem I, when the health you gave is gone,

When novelty's and glory's brilliant hue

From the bright summer-skies of life is flown,

Then haply shall I turn again to you,

Nor wish again to leave your valleys lone.

SONNET IV.

O THOU pale Sun! that wrapp'd in mist and cloud,
Seem'st like thy sister cold and sad, the moon,
Oh! pierce, in pity pierce thy watery shroud,
And grant, 'tis all I ask, one half hour's boon
Of light, effulgent sovereign of the noon!
For bleak o'er ocean blows the northern gale,
And we are come from where eternal June
Nurses with tepid breath Madeira's vale:
Then come thou forth, and flush my visage pale!
Thou com'st; ah! no, that effort is in vain,
But, like some shield, thou twinklest thro' thy veil,
And now with ease art gaz'd upon again;
Darkness and cold reclaim the billowy plain,
And I may weave a fresh, and haply fruitless strain.

SONNET V.

'T WAS but this morn each ruder blast seem'd spent,
 The Sun look'd proud o'er all his empire blue,
 Erect and trim, the ship no motion knew,
 Save gently as her onward course she went.
 He could have deem'd, who view'd a scene so fair,
 The spot, some realm of Fairies of the tide ;
 The ship, some vehicle of their sport or pride,
 In which they came to quaff the upper air.
 'Tis evening now, what death-fraught horrors rise !
 The ship, except that endless is the shock,
 Shakes like the tower, which earth's convulsions rock ;
 Allied for havoc seem both sea and skies.—
 Glad shall I leave thee, Ocean ! But alas !
 Where will not peace and pleasure quickly pass ?

SONNET VI.

Ye clouds, that fringe the confines of the sky,
With well-pleas'd gaze the poet dwells' on you ;
But lovelier and more dear you meet mine eye,
As glad I travel o'er the waters blue,
To seek the land where life's first breath I drew.
Let the bright muse, with her creative powers,
Form of your varying shape, and rainbow-hue
Arabian palaces, and fairy bowers :
Visions more sweet on me my fancy pours ;
You seem the scenes, from which too long I roam ;
There, of my natal hills the dark ridge towers,
Here, sinks the elm-clad vale which hides my home,
Whilst yon thin vapour, rising with the breeze,
Seems the blue smoke slow curling thro' the trees.

SONNET VII.

ANOTHER morn, and not a breath to sweep
 The slumbering ocean into life again ;
 From side to side, the vessel rolls in vain—
 Her course unable or to change, or keep :
 So some unwieldy monster of the deep,
 Dragg'd from his native regions of the main,
 Heaves his huge bulk upon the sandy plain.
 Yet first I lov'd the calm's soft pleasant sleep,
 Its sparkling waters and its lucid skies ;
 Enough ; let now the storm's dread voice be heard,
 Rise from your caves, ye warring winds, arise,
 Let ocean from his inmost bed be stirr'd ;
 Who dies at once, but once and nobly dies,
 'Tis ceaseless death to live with hope deferr'd.

SONNET VIII.

Al! why go down in clouds, thou glorious sun?

Why with dishonor shroud thy radiant head?

For bravely thou, this day, thy work hast done,

And thousand blessings thro' the world hast spread:

Thee, thanks the gatherer of the vintage red,

And thee, the reaper of the harvest dun;

Thee, thank the toilers in the grassy mead,

Thee, Flora's, thee, Pomona's bloom-crown'd son:

Thee, blesses the poor wretch, whose thread is spun,

Whom to thy beam his limbs with pain have led;

In thee, the youth, in whom health's pulses run,

Exults, and feels his pulses quickened;

Glorious has been thy life, and hallowed;

Then why not proud and bright thy dying bed?

SONNET IX.

LADY, 'twas thou, who taught'st me first to know,

There was a pleasure more refin'd than joy,

A pleasure, to which mirth is but alloy,

Tho' deem'd by fools the only good below :

For thou hadst virtue early to forego

The joys of common mortals, and to find,

In the recesses of thy own pure mind,

Treasures, which mines of wealth cannot bestow :

And as I've gaz'd on thee, 'till I could see

No form but thine, where'er I turn'd my eye,

So has my spirit meditated thine,

'Till recollection was reality,

And they are all my own—those raptures high,

Soft dreams, and aspirations all divinè.

SONNET X.

QUICK is thine hazel eye, and glancing bright,
Now darts like wild-hawk's to the inmost soul,
And almost scares the heart it would control ;
Now, not less brilliant, but with milder light,
It meets, with dovelike looks, the charmed sight
Of him who loves, and is belov'd again,
Thy youthful mate : looks, which I seek in vain
From eyes, more free my homage to requite.
And for thy voice, Lady, to thine belongs
The light tone quivering from the viol's strings,
And such as that wild harp, untouch'd, prolongs,
Which to the breeze its fitful pathos flings—
Let Mirth or Tenderness inform thy breast,
Both in thy voice are heard, both in thy looks express'd.

SONNET XI.

Whether thy locks in natural beauty stray,
Clustering like woodbine wild, or haply bound,
Like ivy wreath, thy polish'd brows around;
Whether within thine eyes' blue mirror play
Mirth's arrowy beams, or Love's more soften'd ray;
Whether, to the gay viol's pleasant sound,
Thou minglest in the dance's airy round,
Thy light feet twinkling like the darts of day;
Or whether, o'er the graceful harp, thy frame,
More graceful yet, with head uprais'd, thou bendest,
And with its tones, thine own, far sweeter, blendest;
Still thou art loveliest, varying, yet the same,
Still o'er my soul thine absolute sway extendest,
And from all other loves my heart defendest.

SONNET XII.

SILENT and calm now eve steals on, and day's
 Broad aspect shews less brilliant tho' more fair ;
 The flowers now close, but as they close them, raise
 Their lips once more to kiss the dewy air,
 Whence sweets more exquisite, than ever rays
 Of Phœbus quaff'd. The shepherd's fleecy care
 Hies home before him, whom it well obeys.
 Mute every bird, save two, whom noise and glare
 Affright, the best and basest of their race.
 Resting beneath his elm, the villager
 Sings longer, and less interrupted lays :
 Not mine alas ! sweet Eve, these joys to share ;
 Yet free, tho' bound my limbs, my spirit strays,
 And, while that breathes, shall duly rise thy praise.

SONNET XIII.

NIGHT is dispers'd, and every living thing,
That lay in shade and silence, wakes again ;
The flowers, the trees, are seen afresh to spring,
The flocks, the herds, now issue o'er the plain ;
The merry birds renew their caroling ;
Back to its den skulks every beast obscene ;
The villagers at early labor sing,
With voice and horn the huntsman cheers his train.
Sweet morn ! to thee, ah ! gladly would I bring
Some proof of joy which thou might'st not disdain,
But sickness, wasting and dispiriting,
To me have shut these pleasures of thy reign ;
Yet does their prospect soothe me, and I fain
Would pay my debt to thee, by this rude strain.

SONNET XIV.

I KNOW thee not, bright Creature ! ne'er shall know ;
Thy course and mine lie far, and far away ;
Yet Heav'n this once has given me to survey
Those charms that seldom may be seen below ;
We part as soon as met ; but where I go
Thy form shall ever be ; upon thy way
Shall Heav'n (for thou art Heav'n's) its mildest ray
Shed ever bright. Yet, tho' disease and woe
Thy cheek consume not, Time will have his prey,
And I may meet and know thee not again ;
But what lives in the mind, shall not decay,
And thus shall mine thy form divine retain,
In all the freshness of youth's dawning day,
When thou may'st be no more, and Earth laments in vain.

SONNET XV.

Lov'd, prais'd, and sought, yet modest, and retir'd,
Adorn'd, yet artless, beautiful, yet good,
Sincere, tho' flatter'd, virtuous, tho' woo'd,
Nor proud, nor vain, nor envious, tho' admir'd ;
How shall I speak to thee, or how inspir'd
Shall dare to praise, where every charm is fix'd
To merit praise, and not a weakness mix'd,
To which the proudest praise can come desir'd.
Yet, Lady, may I breathe my gratitude
That thou sometimes hast deign'd to smile on me,
And shed a light upon my solitude,
Which sweetly shines like moon-beams on the sea,
When sleep sits brooding on the noiseless flood,
And like to Heav'n's is Earth's tranquillity.

SONNET XVI.

THE feeble limb, the brow with wrinkles bound,
 The sunken cheek—these cannot age endue
 With that which makes us wretched, save to view;
 'Tis that the Spirit, which in all around
 Create rejoic'd, which with elastic bound
 From object flew to object, ever new,
 And every rainbow-phantom could pursue,
 As if the substance could indeed be found;
 'Tis that, with this poor flesh, the fire divine
 Grows faint and dim, and earth henceforth appears
 In all the naked hideousness of Truth;
 Age! both thy ills are mine, tho' yet in youth;
 I live, and I may live still further years;
 What is it but, thro' life, in death to pine?

SONNET XVII.

LOVELY, indeed, art thou, O Solitude!
And good and bad to thy calm refuge fly;
For the deep forest and the starry sky
Make good men better, and make bad men good.
Yet art thou not too strictly to be woo'd;
For, like those poisons whose fine quality
Can still the throb of corporal agony,
But, drunk too oft, death-like arrest the blood;
Thus, Solitude, thy influence soothes the mind;
Thus lulls it in a sweet but dire repose,
'Till man forgets the feelings of his kind,
And Heav'n's best purposes in life foregoes,
Who bade him not to shrink, but bear resign'd,
And mitigate, not fly from other's woes.

SONNET XVIII.

Is there a heart, so harden'd, so defil'd,
Which kindness cannot melt, and purify?
Or beats there one, so tender, and so mild,
That harshness will not blunt its charity?
Men are but what men make them : and the child,
First form'd and fashion'd on his parent's knee,
Is the world's honour, or outcast revil'd,
Even as the world, that judges, bids him be.
For not the chilling frosts and rending wind,
But the soft breezes and sun's genial rays,
Call the fresh flowers and fruitage into bloom :
And thus ourselves we make the human mind
A waste, where like the whirlwind Passion sways,
Or garden, where all Virtues shed perfume.

SONNET XIX.

DREAM not that she, the Nymph whom I adore,
 For that she's gay, and beautiful, and young,
 Is all unskill'd in wisdom's nobler lore,
 That nought but mirth e'er issued from her tongue :
 What is the law, that wisdom should belong
 To age, and frowns, to wrinkles, and to care ?
 When other powers grow weak, does she grow strong ?
 In other's wreck can she herself repair ?
 Go, mark the tree, which golden wealth does bear,
 Where on one branch the flower, the fruit expands ;
 The flower, which loads with fragrance all the air,
 The fruit, which woos the grasp of outstretch'd hands :
 So in the Goddess whom I worship, shine
 Beauty's fair flower, and wisdom's fruit divine.

SONNET XX.

Nor that the Sculptor on thy perfect face
Might dwell, and by attempts to catch its grace,
Immortal monuments of fame might raise ;
Not, not for this it pleas'd me there to gaze :
But that thine eyes, thy lips, each feature there,
Beam'd with Intelligence, and Charity,
And Cheerfulness, that charmed every care :
'Twas this that sooth'd me, and for this to thee,
I came in pain, in grief, in weariness,
Nor ever went not from thee more resign'd,
More cheerful to the haunts of vulgar kind.
Thus in thy presence found I happiness,
And now that seas divide us, still can be
Blest by beholding thee in memory.

SONNET XXI.

BYRON, thou art the Poet of the Soul,
Bard of the Passions, and thy every line
Is fraught with pathos deep, and feeling fine;
A tyrant absolute, a sovereign sole
O'er human hearts thou reign'st without control;
As the fierce whirlwind bursts the seaman's sleep,
Amaz'd he gazes on the surging deep,
While lightnings flash, and crashing thunders roll;
So on the heart thy passionate numbers rush
In might resistless; from soft female eyes
The tears in full and rapid torrents gush;
While over stern and manly brows arise
The clouds, which tell of sympathy too much
To bear, and ill express'd by deep-fetch'd sighs.

SONNET XXII.

WHETHER thou drink'st the breezes of the sea
 On winding shore, or roam'st the mountains high,
 Or by clear streams in shelter'd vales dost lie,
 Where'er thou dwell'st, O Health! I call to thee.
 Not for myself I call, tho' not to me
 Thro' many a tedious year of misery,
 Thy smiles have shone, and many a prayer and sigh
 I've pour'd in vain.—Oh! now propitious be.
 I woo thee to the bower, where Cara lies;
 Oh! haste on quickest wing, and to her face
 Restore the rose; their lustre to her eyes
 Restore; its roundness to her form, and grace.
 Ah! why should she be doom'd to droop and die,
 Whose bloom makes all things bloom, in whose joy
 all things joy!

SONNET XXIII.

If beauty, innocence, and cheerfulness,
Can make thee happy in this world below,
Thee, Maiden, Heaven's best gifts conspire to bless,
Nor Earth to thee shall be a scene of woe ;
But Youth and Beauty pass away, we know ;
And Innocence, by this bad world and vain
Polluted, fades, as Heav'n's own spotless snow
Decays commingling with the Earth's foul stain :
Nor, Virtue gone, will Cheerfulness remain ;
Then, Maiden, may thy blameless lot be cast
In that sweet vale, where Peace and Virtue reign ;
So shall the Sun which smiles upon thee last,
View thee the same, as even now thou art,
As good and pure of mind, as warm and light of heart.

SONNET XXIV.

LADY, on whom boon Nature has bestow'd
 Her gifts profuse of person and of mind,
 'Tis well, that not like others of thy kind
 Who shun perverse their best and noblest good,
 (Wearing their lives in lonely maidenhood,)

'Tis well, that thou hast not refus'd to find
 A fitting Mate, and wisely hast combin'd
 With his those virtues, which alone had stood
 Helpless and useless, but henceforth shall be
 Fruitful as lovely. Like a blushing vine,
 Claspings the arms of some wide-spreading tree,
 Thus shall thy softness round his strength entwine,
 And Heaven shall bless the union, which to see
 It loves, and has confirm'd by law divine.

SONNET XXV.

THY cheek's pure bloom, bright as the hues that bound
The airy clouds that bear the car of morn ;
Thy lips, expanding like the rose new-born,
That thrill the breast with every liquid sound ;
Thine eyes half rais'd, half bending to the ground,
That shun the admiration they impart,
But while they check our praise, enchain the heart
Whose love is pure, and mix'd with awe profound ;
These I have seen, never to see again !
And 'tis enough, for ill might I aspire
To deem such charms should be by me possess'd,
And they are now so fix'd on heart and brain
By that one look, that I no more require
To call thy form before me, and be bless'd.

SONNET XXVI.

I HAVE liv'd long enough, for I have liv'd
 'Till hope has perish'd. There are miseries
 More keen than mine, and some men have surviv'd,
 And some have madden'd in their agonies,
 And thus unto their end have all arriv'd;
 For the wild storm that mingles sea and skies
 Must waste itself, or the tall rock be riv'd
 Quick as the bolt, which it in vain defies.
 But deep beneath the mountain works the river
 Its viewless, ceaseless, and resistless way;
 And grief thatwhelms not, yet consumes for ever,
 Thus day by day has worn my life's decay;
 But the last prop the next rude shock shall shiver,
 And the frail fabric all be swept away,

SONNET XXVII.

OH ! what is death ? the last of mortal pain !
And is this all e'en nature bids us know ?
Thou who hast said, that nothing back must go
To nothing, what behold'st thou in that reign
Of death, the tomb, thy sophism to maintain ?
Change, not destruction, doth the charnel shew ;
And shall not He who first from dust bade flow
The vital stream, that stream call forth again ?
And if in yon fair form the spirit fair
Inhabit not, nor thou could'st see it part,
Deem not thy soul, fond wretch, a breath of air ;
Could such expand thy mind, or fire thy heart ?
Why use thy heavenly reason but to err,
Nor feel the Power that made thee as thou art ?

SONNET XXVIII.

Who most seek happiness, most miss their aim ;
For not by high achievements is she woo'd ;
In vain thro' toil and peril is pursued ;
Who there seek happiness shall find but fame :
In domes, with gold and dazzling gems that flame,
She is not worshipped, nor is her food
The steamy incense of the fawning crowd ;
'Tis fortune, this, who often takes her name.
But happiness is a coy, and gentle maid,
Who to be won must not be rudely sought,
Whose dwelling is in solitude and shade,
Whose heart by gifts and flattery is not bought ;
But her pure love by pure love must be paid,
And the whole world for her be held as nought.

SONNET XXIX.

Go forth in youth and beauty ; for to thee
 The world is open'd, as from some green height
 The landscape glows beneath the morning light,
 Lovely and glorious far as eye can see.
 Yet deem not such bright hues shall never flee ;
 Nor would I wish thee bliss without alloy ;
 Hope not to live the world but to enjoy,
 For virtue's proof is in adversity.
 Fortune who gave may take her gifts away ;
 But wisdom which unmov'd her frowns can meet,
 And patience which can bear but not betray
 The pang she suffers, and affection sweet
 Lessening the grief it shares in,—these shall lay
 The world, and all its ills beneath thy feet.

SONNET XXX.

Ah! Hope! I know thee not, tho' too long tried;
 For thou hast been my friend in the deep night
 Of secret grief, when I had none beside;
 And thou hast left me, when thy promise bright
 Seem'd bursting like the morn-beam on my sight;
 Yet didst thou come again; nor did I chide
 Thy fickle mockery, 'till, treacherous quite,
 Thy smiles beguil'd me only to deride.
 And would'st thou now return with the bright train
 Of spring, to renovate this wither'd heart?
 Then come—'tis something, while each hill and plain
 Rejoices, from their joy to borrow part.
 Ah! Hope, when spring is past, wilt thou remain?
 Or com'st thou, like the spring, but to depart?

SONNET XXXI.

SPIRIT of evil, with which earth is rife,
Revenge! Revenge! thee all abjure and blame,
Yet when their hour is come invoke thy name;
Base men for thee in secret bare the knife;
The brave partake the peril of the strife;
The weak, the sword, more sure, of justice claim;
The strong, when they have blasted power and fame,
Give to their foe in scorn the curse of life,
The keenest, bitterest vengeance; for these all
Are only shapes thou tak'st to goad the mind,
Turning the heart's pure generous blood to gall;
And thus, Revenge! thou stalk'st thro' all mankind,
Till mighty nations madden at thy call,
And earth is waste, and sea incarnadin'd.

SONNET XXXII.

BECAUSE, wherever wit and beauty smil'd,
 Praising their sweets, from nymph to nymph I've flown,
 Yet ne'er beyond the moment was beguil'd,
 Nor knew e'en then a thought I would not own ;
 For this that I'm too proud to love, you deem ;
 No ! Amorette, no ! things are not as they seem ;
 'Twas not my pride forbade me, but my fear ;
 Fair ones there were, but were the fair sincere ?
 O sole, sincere and fair by nature made,
 Accept a heart, which ne'er till now believ'd,
 A heart, which therefore ne'er has been deceiv'd,
 Its virgin homage which to thee has paid,
 By thee in perfect sway to be enjoy'd,
 Undoubting, undivided, unalloy'd.

SONNET XXXIII.

AT BRUSSELS.

THE Sun in dying glory bright descended,
 And from thy ramparts, Brussels, I behold
 Cloud above cloud in rainbow splendour roll'd,
 And tree, and tower, and hill, and champaign blended,
 With harmonizing grace. Then why ascended
 That sigh to Heav'n? The scene nor sad, nor old;
 Nor is my eye less bright nor heart more cold.
 The grief, which at this hour my bosom rended,
 To thee belongs, beauteous, majestic river,
 Thee, whom I sought and seek, still distant Rhine;
 Nor do his lips, whom sands and deserts sever
 From waters which are health and safety, pine
 With keener longing, and more strong endeavour,
 Than pants my heart, romantic stream, for thine.

SONNET XXXIV.

GENEVA.

LEMAN, thy Lake, with its sweet blending Rhone,
Romantic shores, still lovelier, which embrace thee,
Shall charm my heart, 'till life's last charms have flown,
Nor time, nor place, nor grief, nor joy efface thee :
But clear and bright, as at this hour I trace thee,
The wave-wash'd castle, the hill-circling town,
The villages beneath the cliffs, that grace thee,
The vines that fringe, the spiry firs that crown,
The bleak, black rocks that ever seem to frown,
The Chalets high as is the falcon's nest,
The snow-clad peaks, that on the clouds look down,
Where the sun's first, last beams in crimson rest ;
These, clear as in thy mirror blue express'd,
Shall live for aye reflected in my breast.

SONNET XXXV.

GLACIER DU RHONE.

WHERE'ER, O Rhone, the Genius of thy stream,
 Whether these ice-built caves, these crags sublime,
 Whose azure peaks were shap'd ere note of time,
 May claim thy birth ; or if, as shepherds deem,
 Those fountains that with mystic virtues teem,
 Pure, warm, and full, thro' every change of clime ;
 To both with reverent joy at length I climb,
 For both are nature's marvels, and beseem
 That river, which the central Alps has riven,
 Which thro' vast Leman's Lake its uncheck'd way
 Holds on ; then plunges, like the bolt of Heaven,
 Deep in the rock, and issuing thence to day
 Bathes a new realm, 'till, fast and faster driven,
 It swells with mountain streams Lugdunum's stormiest
 Bay.

SONNET XXXVI.

WRITTEN AT GENEVA.

THE hand of death was on him, and he bore
In every feature that sharp, clear, cold look
Which is not of this world ; his weak frame shook,
Yet not with terror shook ; for oft before
He had sought death amid the battle's roar ;
Nor shrunk he now, when in his chamber lone
Death, visible death, for three long moons had shewn
His dart uprais'd, but struck not ; still he wore
His brow, tho' pale, undaunted ; for he knew
This was his last great fight, whose promise high
Was endless glory to the faithful few
Whose courage can endure to victory ;
And so he conquer'd, and a soldier true
And gallant, as he liv'd, did G——n die.

SONNET XXXVII.

Written at Geneva, after the burial of the Gentleman mentioned in
the preceding Sonnet.

THE sun shone forth ; the vale, the mountains nigh,
Teeming with life and joy, their glories spread,
When he who died within the stranger's bed,
Was borne within the stranger's grave to lie :

The friends who left him desolate to die,
Came not, as well beseem'd them, near him dead,
And two alone were found, by fortune led,
To pay the honors of humanity.

The people idling flock'd along the way,
Some staid their games to see the bier pass by,
Some to the grave's brink came, careless and gay,

Yet they but sympathis'd with earth and sky ;
Oh, God ! it rives the heart, so near to scan
How death makes known the nothingness of man.

SONNET XXXVIII.

IN the sun's eye I sate, nor deem'd his ray
 Too bright to gaze on ; for the autumnal breeze,
 Tho' gently whisp'ring thro' the yet green trees,
 Was cool and humid ; and around me lay,
 Toss'd like the billows of some mighty bay,
 Etruria's Appennines, range over range,
 Swelling in long, and wave-like interchange,
 Till far beyond, with glittering hamlets gay,
 Spread the green plains of vine-clad Lombardy :
 The lights and shadows of declining day
 Flung o'er the whole their vast variety ;
 While mingling sounds that fill'd the subject way,
 Rose thro' the clear still air, and seem'd to be
 Sweet as the scene, and breath'd all harmony.

SONNET XXXIX.

ON THE VENUS DE' MEDICI, FLORENCE.

PARENT of gods and men, almighty Queen
Of Love, pervading earth, beheld in heav'n,
Venus ! not vainly unto thee were given
Thine attributes ; tho' ages since have been,
And creeds and tongues have perish'd on the scene
Where thou wert once a goddess ; still thou art,
Whate'er thy name, the worship of the heart.
Child of the soul, never, or dimly seen
In mortal semblance, perfect beauty, still
The spirit pants for thee ; and still before
Thy image, which the mighty ancients' skill
Hew'd into life, e'en now, as then of yore,
Myriads bow down in wonder deep and still,
And with entranced soul and throbbing heart adore.

SONNET XL.

HE, who by conscience stung, or worn with care,
Would shun the aspect of his hostile kind,
Camaldoli, within thy walls confin'd,
May purchase peace by penitence and prayer ;
He, who too good the world's base strife to share,
Another and a better, fain would find,
In thy calm shades may soothe his wounded mind ;
For, unlike man, God good and bad doth spare,
If they but seek Him, who is every-where,
Yet here more felt ; for nought but its best part
Of earth is here, the forest, mountain, sky,
E'en as he made them, pure, sublime, and fair,
Raising above themselves the human heart,
To feel and claim its immortality.

SONNET XLI.

AT THE TOMB OF ALFIERI IN SANTA CROCE.

POET of Asti, at thy tomb I bow !

Mortal of passions high, and feelings fine,

Which were thy torture ; bitter lot was thine,

To combat with thy fellow-men : but now

Thy soul, well-pleas'd, may deign to look below :

For o'er thy bust Italia doth recline

Her tower-crown'd head ; and there, as to a shrine,

Who feel like thee her glory and her woe,

Frequent repair ; and she who lov'd thee best,

She whom alone thou lov'dst, whose gentle breath,

Like Heav'n's own voice o'er Ocean, could arrest

Thy spirit ; she, still warm and pure of faith,

Rais'd this thy tomb, and there with throbbing breast,

Him, whom she lov'd in life, laments in death.

SONNET XLII.

AT LAKE THRASYMENUS.

FIRST of Invaders, Hannibal ! thy name
 Is proud as chief may claim, or man bestow,
 For thy historian is the conquer'd foe,
 And Nature's works, thy monuments of fame.
 The beautiful, the grand, thy deeds proclaim,
 The mountain lake, where Alps are clad in snow,
 Where Thrasymentus' hill-girt waters flow,
 Thy honours are like theirs, for aye the same.
 But what was thy reward ? Care, labour, war,
 Defeat and exile, a self-hasten'd end—
 Enough :—for not confin'd to life, but far
 Beyond can minds like thine their vision send,
 And see, tho' none beside, the ascending star
 Of glory, which their memory shall attend.

SONNET XLIII.

ROME.

Rome, if thou wert a desert, and if none
But ruins clad thy hills, and heap'd thy plain,
I could within thy shatter'd walls remain ;
But there are Romans in thee not thine own :
Old Tiber rolls, as in the ages gone,
And remnants of those arches chafe his flood,
Where one man 'gainst a host, unshaken, stood ;
What thousands now can match that arm alone !
O Rome, within thy tombs a spirit lurks,
That animates afresh their crumbled clay ;
'Tis in thy palaces destruction works ;
For living man rots there in foul decay,
A ruin that hath made itself, and where
The past is a reproach, the future is despair.

SONNET XLIV.

ROME.

ROME, thou hast fall'n, and ris'n, and fall'n again ;
And thou art still our wonder in decay ;
The mighty relics that we still survey
Proclaim the might, for which earth's wide domain
Were narrow bounds ; and of thy second reign
The marks are brighter, tho' more mild the ray
Which art hath shed upon thy latter day ;
These and immortal nature aye remain,
Thy glory and thy hope ; for not in vain
This heav'n, this earth sublimest charms adorn ;
Thy river, and thy hills, thy mountains, plain,
Are fraught with genius that shall yet be born,
As the bright clouds, where rests thy setting sun,
Tell that his course is not for ever run.

SONNET XLV.

ROME.

THE world is grown enfeebled since its birth ;
 Giants and demigods, their race is o'er ;
 Virtue and vice are wildly grand no more,
 In guilt appalling, or sublime in worth :
The soil is worn, and barrenness and dearth
 Have follow'd the rank richness, that of yore
 Both weeds and plants of towering stature bore,
 Which threaten'd Heav'n and overshadow'd earth.
Man now is shrunk and dwindled, and none dare
 In evil, or in good, to soar too high,
 And life is like the desert, dreary, bare,
Where nought distinguishes the plain and sky,
 Save, looking, as no hands had plac'd them there,
 The relics of a mightier age gone by.

SONNET XLVI.

AT NAPLES.

'Tis even thus, and must it aye be so,
 That where the skies are brightest, earth most fair,
 Man the prime work of all, is foulest there ?
 Can beauty and can virtue never grow
 In the same soil and climate ? must we go
 Where tempests shroud the moutain tops, to find
 The blossom and the fruit of human kind ?
 O Providence, thy counsels who can know ?
 Yet one day shall give all that's hid to light ;
 And then, perchance, 'twill be our happiness
 (As bards have vainly feign'd of love below),
 To roam mid scenes of undisturb'd delight,
 Where man and nature vie in loveliness,
 And Pleasure is no longer Virtue's foe.

SONNET XLVII.

AT TIVOLI.

SWEET Sabine bard, if from my youth till now,
 Thy song has been my ever new delight ;
 If I have breath'd it to Soracte's brow ;
 If where the Anio with impetuous might
 Foams thro' Albanea's cave, if to the height
 Which Faunus lov'd, from Tibur's humid bowers
 I've traced thy steps, and call'd thy name aright,
 Where his refreshful stream Digentia pours,
 And crown'd Bandusia's fount with wine and flowers.
 Then pardon, gentle Spirit, that where was strung,
 Thy native lyre, I fain would waken mine,
 And in the accents of a ruder tongue,
 Breathe forth the gratitude so duly thine
 From all who love the Bard, and reverence the Nine.

SONNET XLVIII.

AT NAPLES.

VIRGIL, I know not, reck not ; who can know ?
If here thy clay has mix'd with baser earth ;
As little care I for thy place of birth ;
All Italy, from Tiber to the Po,
Belongs to thee ; from Mincio's windings slow
To Ocean, and to Cumæ's coast I find
The monuments of thy creative mind :
Within this hollow dell, this ruin low,
'Twere mockery thy mighty name to sound ;
To far Misenum's highest cliff I go,
And there, while heav'n, and earth, and sea around,
In rival beauty intermingled glow,
I feel the power of song, that can confer
A charm which makes the scene still lovelier.

SONNET XLIX.

MARCH, 1821.

O IMPOTENT, yet cruel ; proud, yet blind ;
Kings of the earth, where rush ye ? Can it be,
That you would still be scourges of mankind ?
Shall he, beneath whose stronger tyranny
You crouch'd as low, as high you soar ; shall he
Have perish'd, nor have left this truth behind,
That God has will'd his creatures to be free ?
What gave you back the sceptres you resign'd,
But that he broke the charm which made his might,
And would have held the world in thralldom ; then
Nations, not armies, rallied to the fight.
And come ye still to bind your fellow-men ?
Myriads on myriads come !—God aids the right,
Nor will repent him in his wrath again.

SONNET L.

TO ITALY, 1821.

His blood-stain'd sword the Goth hath drawn again !

Ye sons of Italy arise, arise,

And let that shout, which first from southern skies

Arose to Heaven for freedom, sound amain

Your battle-cry from mountain unto plain.

Oh ! by the holy and eternal ties

Of common kindred, country, miseries,

See not your brother's blood pour'd forth in vain.

Shall tyrants only league for tyranny ?

Nor freedom find in heav'n or earth ally ?

From Alps to Appennines, from sea to sea,

Let but one hand, one heart, be rais'd on high,

And every hill and valley shall be free ;

For nations never will'd that won not Liberty.

SONNET LI.

ON! 'tis not vain what the rapt poet sings,
 That those we lov'd in life, in death attend
 Our steps ; in sorrow soothe, from ill defend ;
 Hovering like angels round, with noiseless wings ;
 Death cannot burst the bonds the heart which bind ;
 Beauty and goodness vanish not like breath ;
 And, thus belov'd, I love thee still in death,
 Love thee with love as strong and more refin'd :
 Ever, and every where, thou meet'st mine eye ;
 Whether I roam at eve the grove's deep night,
 Or seek the haunts of men, and day's broad light,
 Still I behold thee, still I hear thee nigh ;
 And how more sweet than any living smiles,
 This converse high, which ev'ry sense beguiles !

SONNET LII.

THOU wert, indeed, my bliss, my hope, my pride,
And Death has call'd thee ere thy day was done ;
With thee my bliss, my hope, my pride are gone ;
Yet Death who wrought this woe no more I chide.
For thou, tho' fair and bright, hast laid aside
An earthly frame, one brighter to put on,
That shall not perish, and the meed hast won
Of those who pure have liv'd and holy died.
For me, hadst thou to earth been longer given,
Too much perchance had earth my soul possess'd ;
Now every thought belongs to thee and heaven.
This hope my prayer, in humbleness express'd,
That God will join the bonds that he has riven,
And bless in Paradise whom here he bless'd.

SONNET LIII.

TO W. WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

Suggested by his Sonnet beginning "While not a leaf seems faded," &c.

Thou, who, as from the quarry's purest vein,
 Didst start to life robust in soul and frame,
 Well may'st thou winter hail with glad acclaim,
 And gird thy strength for nobler toils again ;
 . Yet Bard, despise not Summer's gentler reign,
 For tho' not hers the grander beauties wild
 The storm, the cataract, the rock snow-pil'd,
 Yet she has charms nor unrefin'd, nor vain.
 For while each tree is green, and bright each flower,
 Hence may Elysian scenes the Poet feign,
 And should the nightingale approach his bower,
 How doubly sweet at eve his love-lorn strain,
 Nor thou, tho' free thyself, wilt love decry,
 For mightiest lyres have own'd his majesty.

SONNET LIV.

ON PIERO CAPPONI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF FLORENCE, 1494.

This and the six following Sonnets were composed while the Author was reading Sismondi's History, with a view of embodying his vivid descriptions in verse.

STILL unoppos'd the Gaul holds on his way ;
 The Appennines, the bulwarks of the land,
 Are past, and valleys green more wide expand ;
 The heir degenerate of Lorenzo's sway
 Yields Town and Tower an unresisting prey ;
 And now amid that strange appalling band
 His lance on thigh, see Charles in Florence stand,
 And bid the free-born citizens obey.
 Yet then, O Florence, did thy virtuous son
 E'en at its height the conqueror's pride confound :
 " Then be it so," he cried, " our mission's done ;
 " The tocsin shall return the trumpet's sound."
 Amaz'd the tyrant heard, and shrunk like one
 Who in his path has sudden peril found.

SONNET LV.

ON ISABELLA OF NAPLES, WIFE OF JOHN GALEAZZO,
DEPOSED DUKE OF MILAN, 1494.

WHEN the Eighth Charles o'er Alpine barriers came,
Led by Milan's Usurper, in the skies
One moment hung Italia's destinies ;
For yet, ere war had wav'd his oriflame,
Lo ! at the Invader's feet a royal dame,
The wife, the mother, daughter, sister lies,
Pleading for those she lov'd by all the ties
Which give distress on generous hearts a claim.
In vain ; th' obdurate monarch turns away ;
Weep, wretched Lady, for that hour did seal
Thine, and thy kindred's, and thy country's woe :
Weep ; yet thy pangs shall death at last allay ;
But oh ! thy country's woes what hope can heal,
Whose tears, in streams like thine, shall ever flow ?

SONNET LVI.

ON THE ENTRY OF CHARLES VIII. INTO ROME, 1494.

AND is this Rome ? doth she, as in a trance,
Ope wide her gates to let the foeman in ?
I see strange banners flying, hear the din
Of barbarous music, while the host of France
Frank, German, Swiss, in long array advance ;
The muskets flash, the halberds rise on high,
The tight-mail'd Gascons their steel cross-bows ply,
And on the chieftains' helms the white plumes dance.
High in the midst the king, and round, a band
With golden collars deck'd, and arm'd for fight
With axes broad, the nobles of the land ;
Before, behind, in massive armour bright,
On armed steeds the cuirassiers move slow,
And the light horseman last bends the tough English bow.

SONNET LVII.

REFLECTION.

YET oh ! not these, nor arms more strange and dread,
 The deep-mouth'd cannon, breathing smoke and fire,
 Not these, O Rome, thy strength have withered;
 There was a time thy soul had but soar'd higher
 To see the foe more near, the war more dire :
 By thine own sons, the spoiler now is led,
 And those most faithful but to this aspire,
 The storm to turn upon their neighbour's head.
 While that old man who wears thy triple crown,
 Caught in the web of his own perfidies,
 Now for his safety sues with bribes, and prayers,
 Now bids the monarch at his feet bow down,
 And from his throne in Heav'n's name sanctifies
 The sword, which to his country ruin bears.

SONNET LVIII.

Zizim, the deposed Sultan, is, at the request of Charles, released by the Pope, from the confinement in which he had kept him.

BUT one there was in that most gorgeous place

Who fixes on his form the eyes of all,

For he had long been held in captive thrall,

“ Reft of his throne” and outcast of his race ;

Now forth he steps, and with an inborn grace

Kissing the right hand of the royal Gaul,

“ For vengeance, king,” he said, “ on thee I call,

And in thy hands my life, my fortunes place.”

Too ardent Prince, ah ! never shalt thou see

Thy Stamboul's minarets ; this moment, lurks

Deep in thy veins the poisonous leprosy ;

For Turks are Christians now, and Christians Turks,

And not by prayers, and deeds of Charity,

But steel and poison, Heav'n's vicegerent works.

SONNET LIX.

CHARLES ENTERS NAPLES.

O LOVE of country, valor, loyalty,
 Where are ye ? Lo ! their people kings betray,
 People their kings ; distrust and wild dismay
 Spread wider, swifter, than the enemy.
 Is then thy arm less strong, O Italy,
 Thy sword less true ? ah ! no ! but on the land
 Long servitude has press'd with palsyng hand,
 And virtue is extinct in low and high.
 So Naples to the stranger opes her arms,
 And king, and warriors in her halls receives,
 For he had promis'd peace and liberty :
 Sweet words, whose very sound has such dear charms,
 That e'en by tyrants breath'd, the slave believes,
 And, changing bondage, deems that he is free.

SONNET LX.

CHARLES DESERTS ITALY.

PROPHET of Florence, read thy prophecy !

Is this whom thou foretold'st at Heav'n's command

Sent forth, with the avenging fan in hand,

To sweep, and purge all places low and high ?

See ! sunk in indolence and luxury

He wakens but to vex the afflicted land ;

And now, when dangers press, his own true band

He leaves ill-match'd to fight, in vain to die.

Just Heav'n ! how vile, contemptible a thing,

Destruction o'er the beauteous world can spread !

And brave men bow'd before this dastard king,

And France for him her blood, and treasure shed !

And centuries of shame and suffering

Have seen on Italy the spoiler tread !

SONNET LXI.

TAKEN FROM HABAKKUK, CHAP. III.

It had but recently occurred to the author that he might find subjects for his graver Sonnets in the sacred Scriptures, (he was perhaps the first that has done so) when he sunk under the disease by which he had been so long afflicted.

FROM Paran God came down to quell the proud ;
 The wasting pestilence before him strode ;
 Consuming fire beneath his footsteps glow'd ;
 He stood, and measur'd Earth ; he look'd, and bow'd
 The everlasting mountains, and the crowd
 Of nations fled in terror ; where they stood
 The sun and moon were stay'd ; the ocean-flood
 Trembled, and lifted up his voice aloud.
 To free thy chosen race from heathen thrall
 O Lord, thou cam'st in dreadful majesty ;
 And I will trust in thee, tho' fig and vine
 Bear not ; the olive fail ; in fold and stall
 Perish the flocks and herds ; yet still will I
 Fear not, reposing on thy word divine.

SONNET LXII.

TAKEN FROM ISAIAH, CHAP. 47.

From thy high place, Daughter of Babylon,
Come down, unbind the diadem from thy hair,
Thy delicate and tender feet make bare,
And for thy garments shame and grief put on ;
Lady of kingdoms, thy dominion's gone ;
For thou wert pitiless, and didst not spare
My people, but with heaviest yoke didst wear,
Ceaseless, the gall'd neck of my chosen one.
Therefore, O drunk with pleasure, swoln with power,
E'en in the midst shall vengeance come on thee,
And in one moment of that same dread hour
Shalt thou be made a widow, and shalt see
Thy children fall, and mighty men expire,
Prophets and chiefs, like stubble in the fire.

PETRARCH.

BORN 1304, DIED 1374.

TOMO I.

PROEMIO DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

Voi, ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri, ond'io nodriva il core
In sul mio primo giovenile errore,
Quand'era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' i' sono ;
Dal vario stile, in ch'io piango, e ragiono,
Fra le vane speranze, e'l van dolore ;
Ove sia chi per prova intenda Amore,
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.
Ma ben veggì or, sì come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo ; onde sovente
Di me medesimo meco mi vergogno :
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è'l frutto,
E'l pentirsi, e'l conoscer chiaramente,
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

O YE, who listen to the rhymes, whose flow
 Beareth the sighs on which my heart I fed,
 When passionate youth my steps in error led,
 And I was other man than I am now ;
 The hopes that raise the soul, the fears that bow,
 Both vain, in varying style shall here be read ;
 And thou, who hast love's power experienced,
 Compassion, much more pardon, wilt allow.
 But well I see, how to the world my love
 Long time has been a fable and a show ;
 Whence oft with shame myself I do reprove ;
 For shame is all the fruit of all my woe,
 Shame and repentance, and too well to prove
 How brief a dream is all we seek below.

SONETTO II.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

ERA 'L giorno ch' al sol si scoloraro
Per la pietà del suo Fattore i rai;
Quand' io fui preso, e non me ne guardai,
Che i be' vostr'occhi, Donna, mi legaro.
Tempo non mi pareo da far riparo
Contro colpi d' amor: però n' andai
Secur senza sospetto: onde i miei guai
Nel comune dolor s' incominciaro.
Trovommi amor del tutto disarmato,
E aperta la via per gli occhi al core,
Che di lagrime son fatti uscìo, e varco.
Però al mio parer, non li fu onore
Ferir me di saetta in quello stato,
E a voi armata non mostrar pur l' arco.

SONNET II.

FROM PETRARCH.

IT was the day, the Sun with horror blind
 Shrunk from its great Creator's agonies,
 When I was captive ta'en by those bright eyes
 Which ever since my soul in bondage bind.
 For little deem'd I, at such time, to find
 Need for defence 'gainst love: therefore unwise
 I went unguarded, and my miseries
 Commenc'd with the affliction of mankind.
 Love met me all unarm'd, and open quite
 The road, which from the eyes leads to the heart;
 Of tears and sighs alone henceforth the way.
 Yet small his honor, who in unfair fight
 Pierc'd my defenceless breast with his fell dart,
 Nor to Thee arm'd did even his bow display.

SONETTO III.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

QUEL, ch'infinita providenza, ed arte
Mostrò nel suo mirabil magistero ;
Che criò questo, e quell'altro emispero ;
E mansueto più Giove, che Marte ;
Venendo in terra a illuminar le carte,
Ch'avean molt'anni già celato il vero
Tolse Giovanni dalla rete, e Piero,
E nel regno del Ciel fece lor parte.
Di se, nascendo, a Roma non fe' grazia,
A Giudea sì : tanto sovr'ogni stato
Umiltate esaltar sempre gli piacque :
Ed or di picciol Borgo un Sol n'ha dato
Tal, che natura, e 'l luogo si ringrazia,
Onde sì bella Donna al mondo nacque.

SONNET III.

FROM PETRARCH.

He, who his government eternal sways
With providence and goodness infinite,
Who this vast sphere created by his might,
In whom not Mars, but Jove benign we trace ;
When he on earth descended to efface
From ancient writ the darkness of long night,
Peter and John he summon'd, that such might
In his celestial kingdom have a place ;
Not unto Rome he gave his wondrous birth
But to Judæa ; so He loves always
The lowly to exalt o'er all on earth ;
And now a second time has shone his grace
Upon a humble spot, whence she came forth
Who covers all around with glory's rays.

SONETTO VI.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

LA gola, e 'l sonno, e l'oziose piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita,
Ond'è dal corso suo quasi smarrita
Nostra natura, vinta dal costume.

Ed è sì spento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel, per cui s'informa umana vita;
Che per cosa mirabile s'addita
Chi vuol far d'Elicona nascer fiume.

Qual vaghezza di Lauro, qual di Mirto?
Povera e nuda vai Filosofia,
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.

Pochi compagni avrai per l'altra via:
Tanto ti prego più, gentile spirto,
Non lasciar la magnanima tua impresa.

SONNET VI.

FROM PETRARCH.

Addressed to Guistina Lievi Perotti.

LUXURIOUS ease, and sensual appetite,
 All virtue from the world have chas'd away,
 Whence he's a marvel, who shall now essay
 To ope the springs of the Parnassian height ;
 And so extinguish'd is that guiding light
 Which Heav'n imparted to inform our clay,
 That human nature from her course astray,
 Wanders unspher'd and pathless, lost in night ;
 " What charm hath now the Myrtle, what the Bay ?
 " Philosophy goes bare from door to door :"
 'Tis thus the crowd intent on lucre cries.
 Few thy companions on that loftier way ;
 Therefore, O noble Spirit, thou, the more
 Persisting, labor in thy high emprise.

SONETTO IX.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

GLORIOSA Colonna, in cui s' appoggia
Nostra speranza, e 'l gran nome Latino,
Ch' ancor non torse dal vero cammino
L'ira di Giove per ventosa pioggia ;
Quì non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma 'n lor vece un' abete, un faggio, un pino
Tra l'erba verde, e 'l bel monte vicino,
Onde si scende poetando, e poggia,
Levan di terra al Ciel nostr' intelletto :
E'l rosignuol, che dolcemente all' ombra
Tutte le notti si lamenta, e piagne,
D'amorosi pensieri il cor ne 'ngombra.
Ma tanto ben sol tronchi, e fai 'mperfetto
Tu, che da noi, Signor mio, ti scompagne.

SONNET IX.

FROM PETRARCH.

GLORIOUS Colonna, upon whom recline
Our hopes, and the great Latin name is staid,
Whom not the wrath of Jove can make decline
From the high road of Truth before thee laid ;
Not here the palace, theatre, arcade ;
But in their stead the beech, the fir, the pine,
The verdant plain, and swelling mountain made
For slow ascent and thoughtful ; these combine
To lift the soul from earth to things divine ;
And here the nightingale, beneath the shade,
With amorous thoughts impregning the soft heart,
Thro' all the night most sweetly does repine.—
But all these joys are most imperfect made
Whilst thou art absent, and hast here no part.

SONETTO XLVI.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

BENEDETTO sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l' anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l' ora, e 'l punto,
E 'l bel paese, e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto
Da duo begli occhi, che legato m' hanno :
E benedetto il primo dolce affanno,
Ch' i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto ;
E l' arco, e le saette ond' i' fui punto ;
E le piaghe, ch' infin 'al cor mi vanno.
Benedette le voci tante, ch' io
Chiamando il nome di mia Donna ho sparte,
E i sospiri, e le lagrime, e 'l desio :
E benedette sian tutte le carte,
Ov'io fama le acquisto, e 'l pensier mio,
Ch' è sol di lei, si ch' altra non v' ha parte.

SONNET XLVI.

FROM PETRARCH.

Bless'd be the year, the month, the day, the morn,
Bless'd be the hour, and minute of that hour ;
The scene, the spot, where first I felt the power
Of those bright eyes, whose bonds I since have borne ;
Bless'd be that first sweet joy of sorrow born
Which Love's acquaintance taught me then to know ;
Bless'd be his arrows, and that fatal bow,
And these sweet wounds, which my poor heart have
torn.

Bless'd be the many thousand times that I
Have call'd upon that gentle Lady's name ;
Bless'd be each fond desire, each tear and sigh ;
Bless'd be the rhymes by which I spread her fame,
And every thought which does all change defy
Still turns to her, nor owns a second claim.

SONETTO XLVII.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

PADRE del Ciel, dopo i perduti giorni,
Dopo le notti vaneggiando spesi
Con quel fero desio, ch' al cor s' accesi,
Mirando gli atti per mio mal si adorni ;
Piacciati omai tuo lume, ch' io torni
Ad altra vita ed a più belle imprese ;
Si ch' avendo le reti indarno tese
Il mio duro avversario se ne scorni.
Or volge, Signor mio, l' undecim' anno,
Ch' i' fui sommessò al dispietato giogo,
Che sopra i più soggetti è più feroce,
Miserere del mio non degno affanno :
Mi duci i pensier vaghi a miglior luogo :
Rammenta lor, com' oggi fosti Croce.

SONNET XLVII.

FROM PETRARCH.

ALMIGHTY Father, after days of pain
 And ill-spent labor, nights of fierce desire,
 Which burnt within like a consuming fire,
 For her whose excellence has been my bane ;
O Father, now with thy bless'd spirit deign
 To raise my soul that it may reaspire
 To loftier darings, and my arch foe dire
 Baffled and sham'd may spread his toils in vain.
 Ten years this day thro' their long course have roll'd,
 Since first I bow'd beneath that yoke malign,
 Which strong and weak alike doth overcome ;
 With pitying eye my sins, my grief behold ;
 My wandering thoughts, O Lord, recal, confine,
 As thou this day didst suffer martyrdom.

SONETTO LXXXIII.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

L'ASPETTATA virtù, che 'n voi fioriva,
Quando Amor cominciò darvi battaglia;
Produce or frutto, che quel fiore agguaglia,
E che mia speme fa venire a riva.
Però mi dice 'l cor, ch'io in carte scriva
Cosa, onde 'l vostro nome in pregio saglia:
Che 'n nulla parte sè saldo s'intaglia,
Per far di marmo una persona viva.
Credete voi, che Cesare, o Marcello,
O Paolo, od Affrican fossin cotali
Per incude giammai, nè per martello?
Pandolfo mio, quest'opere son frali
Al lungo andar, ma 'l nostro studio è quello,
Che fa per fama gli uomini immortali.

SONNET LXXXIII.

FROM PETRARCH.

THE budding virtues, which thy generous soul
 Put forth, what time young love his warfare plann'd,
 In fruitage, worthy of the flower, expand,
 And bid my hopes attain their wish'd for goal.
 Therefore I gladly would thy name enroll
 Upon the Muse's page, inscrib'd to stand .
 More deep, than e'er was grav'd by artist's hand,
 Upon her slight, but ever-during scroll.
 For deem'st thou, that on Paulus, Scipio,
 Cæsar, Marcellus, sculptur'd stone and brass
 The fame, that crowns their memories could bestow ;
 O, my Pandolfo, these are things which pass ;
 But unto us belongs the lore, which gives
 That glory, by which man for ever lives.

SONETTO XCVII.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

QUEL vago impallidir, che'l dolce rise
D'un' amorosa nebbia ricoperse ;
Con tanta maestade al cor s'offerse,
Che li si fece incontr' à mezzo 'l viso.
Conobbi allor, siccome in Paradiso
Vede l'un l'altro : in tal guisa s'aperse
Quel pietoso pensier, ch'altri non scerse :
Ma vidil' io, ch'altrove non m'affiso.
Ogni angelica vista, ogni atto umile,
Che giammai in donna, ov'Amor fosse, apparve,
Fora uno sdegno a lato a quel, ch' i' dico.
Chinava a-terra il bel guardo gentile ;
E tacendo dicea (com'a me parve)
Chi m'allontana il mio fedele amico ?

SONNET XCVII.

FROM PETRARCH.

THE paleness, which across her features thrown,
 Strove with a love-fraught cloud her smile to hide,
 Was answer'd by mine eyes, ere half descried,
 Such majesty in all her aspect shone ;
 Then learn'd I how in paradise are known
 Thoughts of the bless'd ; so close that glance implied
 Affection sweet, which none perceiv'd beside ;
 But well I saw, for this I saw alone.
 Angelic beauty, meekness, modesty,
 All charms in woman when she loves that blend,
 With that one look compar'd, disdain would be ;
 She to the ground her noble brow did bend,
 And silent said (for so it seem'd to me)
 Who severs from me this my faithful friend ?

SONETTO CI.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

S'AMOR non è, che dunque è quel ch' i 'sento ?
Ma s'egli è Amor, per Dio ! che cosa, e quale ?
Se buona, ond' è l'effetto aspro mortale ?
Se ria, ond' è sì dolce ogni tormento ?
S'a mia voglia ardo, ond' è 'l pianto, e 'l lamento ?
S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale ?
O viva morte, o diletto male,
Come puoi tanto in me, s'io nol consento ?
E s'io 'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio.
Fra sì contrarj venti in frale barca
Mi trovo in alto mar senza governo ;
Sì lieve di saver, d'error sì carica,
Ch' i 'medesimo non so quel, ch' io mi voglio ;
E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.

SONNET CI.

FROM PETRARCH.

O IF not Love, what by these signs is meant ?
 And O, if Love, ye Heav'ns, what then is Love?
 If good, why should it so tormenting prove ?
 If bad, why so delightfully torment ?
 If with my will I love, why thus lament ?
 If spite of will, what boots it to complain ?
 O living death ! O most delicious pain !
 Whose power prevails with or without consent.
 Toss'd by opposing winds o'er Ocean wide,
 Its rudder torn, my bark drives to and fro,
 With errors charg'd, with knowledge ill supplied ;
 Nor does my heart itself, its wishes know ;
 While frozen in the midst of summer tide
 I tremble, and with heat in winter glow.

SONETTO CXII.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

POMMI, ove 'l Sol' occide i fiori e l'erba ;
 O dove vince lui 'l ghiaccio, e la neve :
 Pommi ove 'l carro suo temprato e leve ;
 Ed ov' è, chi cel rende, o chi cel serba.
Pomm' in umil fortuna, od in superba ;
 Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco, e greve :
 Pommi alla notte ; al dì lungo, ed al breve ;
 Alla matura etate, od al l' acerba :
Pomm' in cielo, od in terra, od in abisso,
 In alto poggio, in valle ima, e palustre ;
 Libero spirto, od a suoi membri affisso :
Pommi con fama oscura, o con illustre ;
 Sarò qual fui : vivrò, com' io son visso,
 Continuando il mio sospir trilustre.

SONNET CXII.

FROM PETRARCH.

PLACE me where flower and herb the sun's flames burn ;
 Place me where temperate rolls his car of light,
 Where ice and snows have quench'd his genial might,
 Where waves absorb him, or where waves return ;
 Place me in joyous Spring, or Winter stern ;
 Place me where long or brief is day or night,
 Mid clouds and mists, or skies for ever bright,
 In youth exulting or in age to mourn ;
 Place me in forests, mountains, hill, or plain,
 Obscure or great, in fortune high or low ;
 A spirit freed or bound in fleshly chain,
 In Earth, or Heav'n, or in the abyss below ;
 What I have been, I shall be ; still in vain
 Pouring to thee this my trilateral woe.

SONETTO CXXII.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;
Tal, che di rimembrar mi giova e dole:
Che, quant' io miro, par sogni, ombre e fami :
E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,
C' han fatto mille volte invidia al Sole :
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole,
Che farian gir' i monti, e star' i fiumi.
Amor, senno, valor, pietate, e doglia
Facean, piangendo un più dolce contento
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia ;
Ed era 'l cielo all' armonia sì 'ntento ;
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia :
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aere, e'l vento.

SONNET CXXII.

FROM PETRARCH.

I saw on earth an angel's form appear,
Of beauty such as earth holds not beside,
Whence joy and sorrow since my breast divide,
For all things else are vile and empty here ;
I saw those eyes shed the fast-streaming tear,
Eyes, which the Sun has envious oft descried ;
I heard those sighs, which from their bases wide
Mountains might move, and stay the flood's career.
Goodness and wisdom, piety and love,
In such a concert of sweet grief combin'd
As the World never heard, and Heav'n above
Attent to the wild harmony inclin'd,
That not a leaf upon the trees did move,
Such sweetness fill'd the air, and lull'd the wind.

SONETTO CLXXXVII.

TOMO I. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

S' UNA fede amorosa, un cor non finto,
Un languir dolce, un desiar cortese ;
S' oneste voglie in gentil foco accese ;
S' un lungo error' in cieco laberinto ;
Se nella fronte ogni pensier dipinto,
Od in voci interrote appena intese,
Or da paura, or da vergogna offese ;
S'un pallor di viola, e d'amor tinto ;
S' aver' altrui più caro, che se stesso ;
Se lagrimar e sospirar mai sempre,
Pascendosi di duol, d'ira, e d'affanno ;
S' arder da lunge, ed agghiacciar da presso ;
Son le cagion, ch' amando i' mi distempre ;
Vostro, Donna, l' peccato, e mio fia 'l danno.

SONNET CLXXXVII.

FROM PETRARCH.

If a fond heart, if faith that ne'er declin'd,
If in sweet languishment to waste entire,
If noblest hopes kindled by purest fire,
If lost to wander in a labyrinth blind ;
If on the brow inscrib'd to bear the mind ;
If, when the tongue would tell the heart's desire,
To feel in shame and fear the words expire ;
If with the violet pale love's hue combin'd ;
If more than self to hold another dear,
If still to weep and sigh, and never cease,
Feeding on anger, shame and sorrowing ;
If when afar to burn, to freeze when near,
If these are causes of my soul's disease,
Thine, Lady, is the crime, and mine the suffering.

SONETTO XXV.

TOMO II. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

S'io avessi pensato, che sì care
Fossin le voci de' sospir miei in rima :
Fatte l'avrei dal sospirar mio prima
In numero più spesse, in stil più rare.
Morta colei, che mi faceva parlare,
E che si stava de' pensier mie' in cima ;
Non posso, e non ho più sì dolce lima,
Rime aspre, e fosche far soavi e chiare.
E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp' era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo, non d'acquistar fama :
Pianger cercai ; non già del pianto onore.
Or vorrei ben piacer : ma quella altera
Tacito stanco dopo se mi chiama.

SONNET XXV. PART II.

FROM PETRARCH.

COULD I have deem'd, that these sad rhymes which bear
My bosom's sighs, would to the world be known,
Then should my lamentations forth have gone
In strains more frequent, and a style more rare.
But she who was on earth my soul's first care
For whom my voice was rais'd, from earth is flown ;
Nor have I heart or skill thus left alone,
To make the rugged smooth, the dark more clear.
For sure in former times my only aim
Was my heart's grief exhaling to allay ;
I car'd not how, nor thought I then of fame ;
I wept, nor knew in weeping honor lay ;
Now would I favor gain, but that proud dame
Summons me, mute and worn with grief, away.

SONETTO XXXIV.

TOMO II. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

LEVOMMI il mio pensier in parte, ov' era
Quella, ch' io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra :
Ivi fra lor, che'l terzo cerchio serra,
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
Per man mi prese, e disse : In questa spera
Sarai ancor meco, se 'l desir non erra :
I' son colei, che ti diè tanta guerra,
E compie' mia giornata innanze sera.
Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano :
Te solo aspetto, e quel, che tanto amasti,
E laggiuso è rimasto, il mio bel velo.
Deh perchè tacque, ed allargò la mano ?
Ch' al suon de' detti si pietosi e casti,
Poco mancò, ch' io non rimasi in Cielo.

SONNET XXXIV. PART II.

FROM PETRARCH.

My thought upbore me, where she dwells, whom here
 I seek, but ne'er shall meet on earthly ground ;
 There 'mid those bless'd in the third circle bound
 More beauteous: I beheld her, less severe ;
 She took me by the hand, and " In this sphere
 " If my hope errs not, thou shalt yet be found ;
 " For I am she thou lov'dst, who reach'd the bound
 " Of my life's day, ere evening did appear ;
 " My bliss no heart of man can understand ;
 " Thee I attend, and that which yet above
 " Is come not, my fair veil, thou lov'dst so well ;"
 Ah ! wherefore ceased she, and withdrew her hand ?
 For by those tones so sweet and fraught with love
 Entranc'd, long time I seem'd in heav'n to dwell.

SONETTO XLIII.

TOMO II. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

QUEL rosignuol, che sì soave piagne
 Forse suoi figli, o sua cara consorte,
 Di dolcezza empie il cielo, e le campagne
 Con tante note sì pietose, e scorte;
 E tutta notte par che m'accompagne,
 E mi rammenti la mia dura sorte:
 Ch' altri che me non ho, di cui mi lagne:
 Che 'n Dee non credev' io regnasse morte.
 O che lieve è ingannar che s'assecura!
 Que' duo be' lumi assai più che 'l sol chiari,
 Chi pensò mai veder far terra oscura?
 Or conosco io, che mia fera ventura
 Vuol, che vivendo, e lagrimando impari,
 Come nulla quaggiù diletta, e dura. •

SONNET XLIII. PART II.

FROM PETRARCH.

THAT nightingale, which ceaseless doth complain,
Mourning its mate, or young ones snatch'd away,
With sweetness fills the air, and the wide plain,
So piteous and so musical its lay ;
Seems with my own to mingle that sad strain,
And bids me to my griefs afresh give way,
Griefs all my own, who deem'd alas ! in vain,
That o'er a goddess Death could not have sway.
How soon the happy fall deception's prey !
Who could have thought that those two eyes so bright,
Would e'er be turn'd to dark and lifeless clay ?
But now I learn that cruel Fortune's spite
Dooms me to live, and prove from day to day,
How nought endures—endures to give delight.

SONETTO LXVII.

TOMO II. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

LASCIATO hai, Morte, senza sole il mondo,
 Oscuro, e freddo ; amor cieco, ed inerme ;
 Leggiadria ignuda ; le bellezze inferme ;
 Me sconsolato, ed a me grave pondo ;
 Cortesia in bando, ed onestate in fondo ;
 Dogliom' io sol ; nè sol' ho da dolerme :
 Che svelt' hai di virtute il chiaro germe :
 Spento il primo valor ; qual fia il secondo ?
 Pianger l' aer', e la terra, e 'l mar dovrebbe
 L'uman legnaggio ; che senz' ella è quasi
 Senza fior prato, o senza gemma anello.
 Non la conobbe il mondo, mentre l' ebbe ;
 Connobbil' io, ch' a pianger qui rimasi
 E 'l ciel, che del mio pianto or si fa bello.

SONNET LXVII. PART II.

FROM PETRARCH.

DEATH, thou hast quench'd the sun that shone below,
 And earth is dark ; beauty has lost her charms,
 And grace her fascination ; love his arms ;
 Honor and courtesy in exile go ;
 And I am desolate, weigh'd down with woe ;
 I mourn alone, where many more should mourn,
 For virtue's brightest bud thy scythe hath shorn,
 First fruits of worth ; where shall the second grow ?
 Heav'n, earth, and ocean, should lament man's lot,
 For what is man without her ; like a plain
 Without a flower, without its gem a ring ;
 The world while it possess'd her, knew her not ;
 I knew her, who behind to weep remain,
 And heav'n, whose gain has been my sorrowing.

SONETTO LXXI.

TOMO II. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

DEL cibo, onde 'l Signor mio sempre abbonda,
 Lagrime, e doglia, il cor lasso nudrisco;
 E spesso tremo, e spesso impallidisco,
 Pensando all sua piaga aspra, e profonda.

Ma chi nè prima simil nè seconda
 Ebbe al suo tempo; al letto, in ch'io languisco,
 Vien tal, ch'appena a rimirla ardisco;
 E pietosa s'asside in sulla sponda.

Con quella man, che tanto desiai,
 M'asciuga gli occhi, e col suo dir m'apporta
 Dolcezza, ch'uom mortal non sentì mai.

Che val, dice, a saver, chi si sconsorta?
 Non pianger più: non m'hai tu pianto assai?
 Ch'or fostù vivo, com'io non son morta.

SONNET LXXI. PART II.

FROM PETRARCH.

THAT food in which my tyrant does abound,
 Sorrow and tears are my poor heart's sad cheer;
 And oft I tremble, oft turn pale with fear,
 Thinking upon its cruel wounds profound;
 But she, to whom on Earth could none be found
 Equal, or second, to my couch drew near
 More glorious than this mortal sight could bear;
 She sate her by my side, and my eyes drown'd
 In tears, with that fair hand she wip'd; and o'er
 My senses shed; by her soft accents' flow,
 Such bliss as mortal never knew before:
 "What dost thou gain from knowledge, lost in woe?"
 She said, "Enough for me; now weep no more;
 "Thou liv'st, nor am I left in death below."

SONETTO XC.

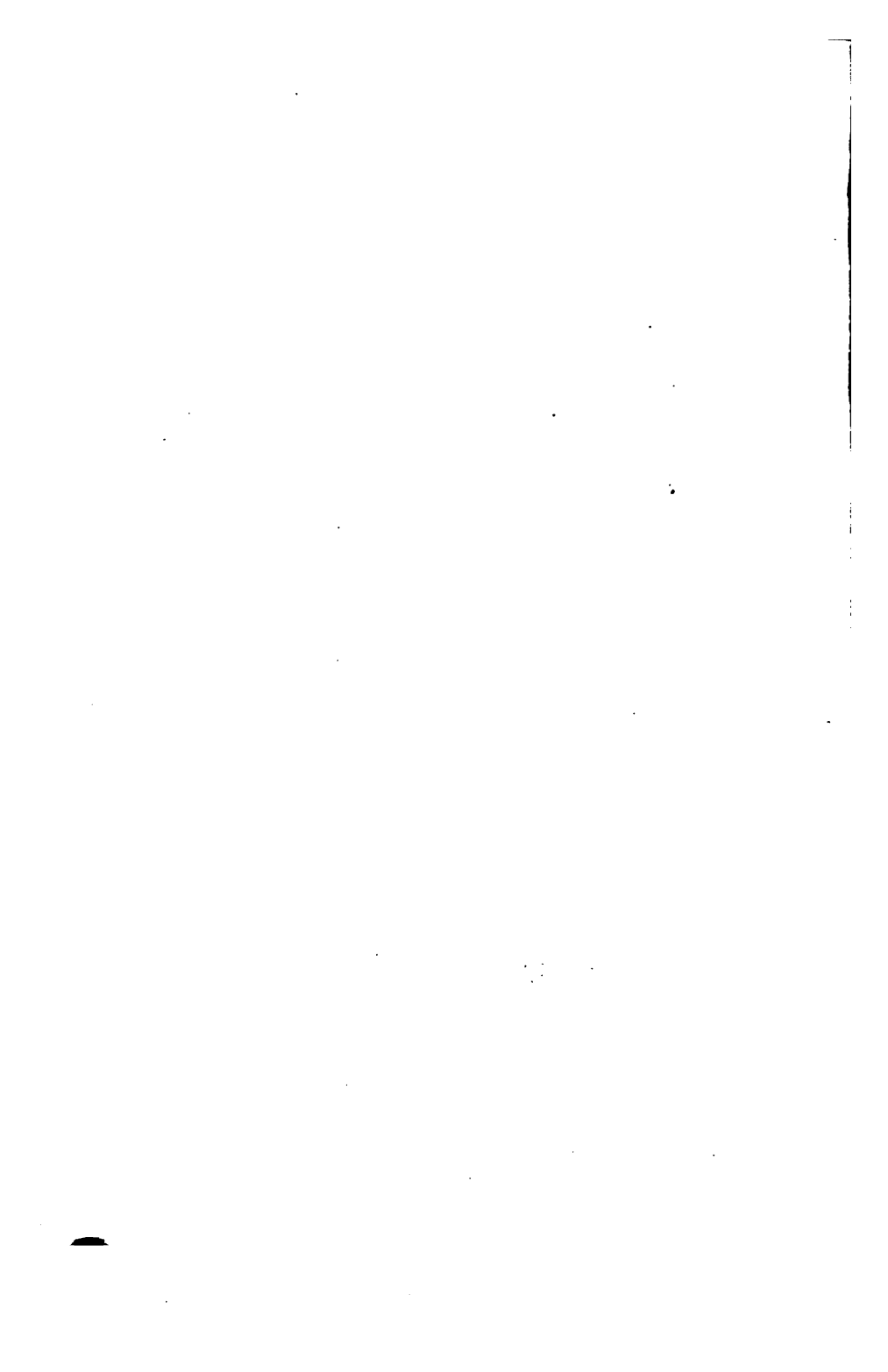
TOMO II. DI FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

VAGO augelletto, che cantando vai,
Ovver piangendo il tuo tempo passato,
Vedendoti la notte, e 'l verno a lato,
E 'l dì dopo le spalle, e i mesi gai ;
Se come i tuoi gravosi affanni sai,
Così sapessi il mio simile stato ;
Verresti in grembo a questo sconsolato
A partir seco i dolorosi guai.
I' non so, se le parti sarian pari ;
Che quella, cui tu piangi, è forse in vita ;
Di ch' a me morte, e 'l Ciel son tanto avari :
Ma la stagione, e l' ora men gradita,
Col membrar de' dolci anni, e degli amari,
A parlar teco con pietà m' invita.

SONNET XC. PART II.

FROM PETRARCH.

SWEET bird, that warbling seemest to repine
In sorrow for the time that is gone by,
While night and winter close before thine eye,
And far behind Summer's bright suns decline ;
If, as thou know'st thine own, thou could'st divine
The cause and measure of my misery,
Then to this desolate bosom would'st thou fly,
To share with it the woes resembling thine.
I know not if the shares would equal be,
For she thou mourn'st may live ; whom I hold dear,
Her, Death and Heav'n will ne'er give back to me ;
Yet have the gloomy hour, and season drear,
Waking a sweet and bitter memory,
Mov'd me to speak my sorrows unto thee.



LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

BORN 1448, DIED 1492.

SONETTO.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

Piu dolce sonno, o placida quiete
Giammai chiuse occhi, o più begli occhi mai,
Quanto quel, che adombrò li santi rai
Dell' amorose luci altere, e liete.

E mentre ster così chiuse, e secrete,
Amor, del tuo valor perdesti assai :
Che l' imperio, e la forza, che tu hai,
La bella vista par ti preste, e viete.

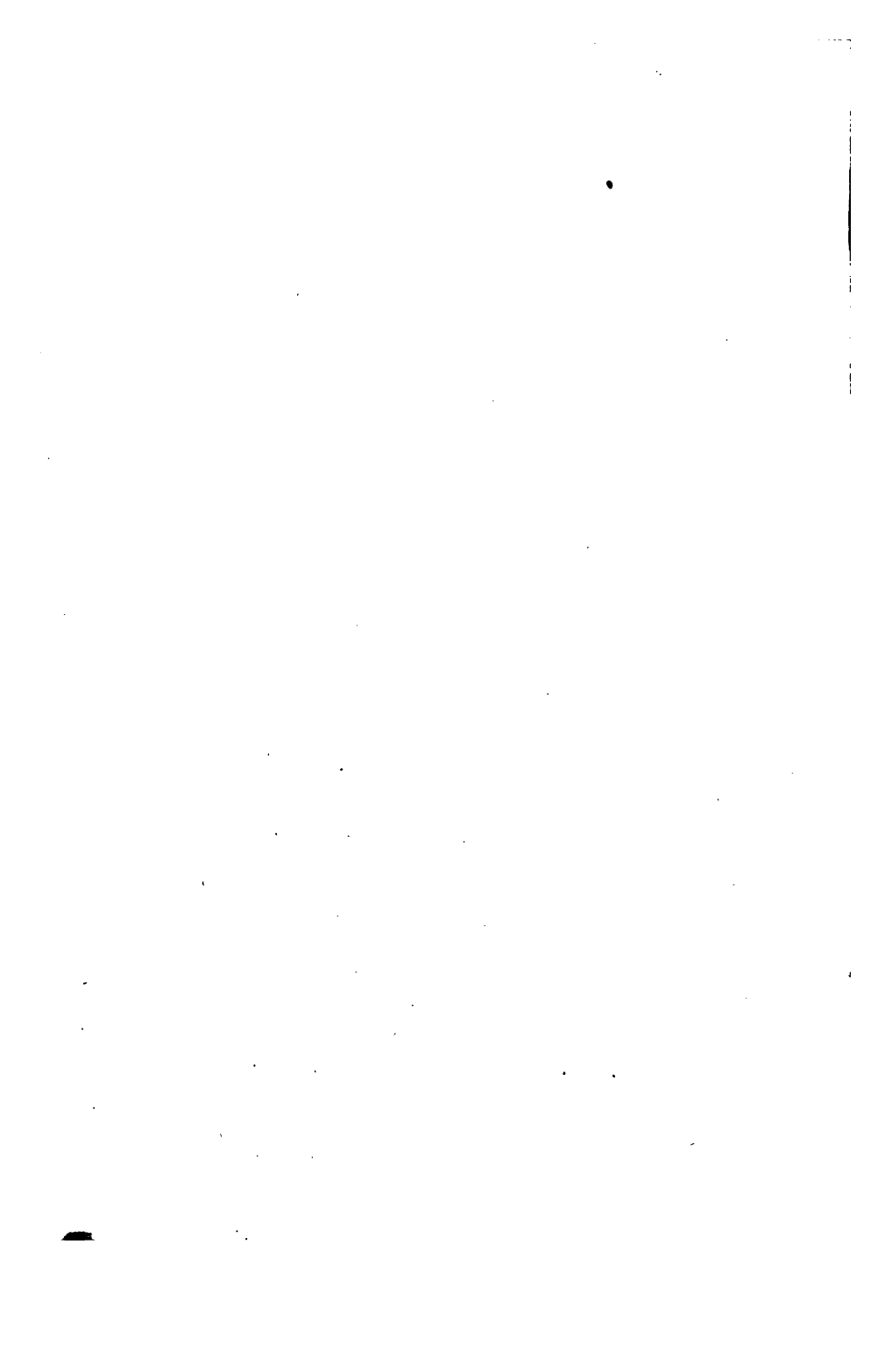
Alta, e frondosa quercia, ch' interponi
Le fronde tra i begli occhi, e Febei raggi,
E somministri l' ombra al bel sopore ;

Non temer, benchè Giove irato tuoni,
Non temer sopra te piu folgor caggi :
Ma aspetta in cambio sguardi, e stral d' amore.

SONNET.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

NEVER did eyes such gentle slumber close,
 Ne'er clos'd it eyes so beautifully bright,
 As that which overshadow'd the pure light
 Of orbs, whence love his gather'd radiance throws.
 And while they lay thus temper'd in repose,
 Love, thou didst lose the chief part of thy might ;
 For that fair aspect giv'n or lost to sight,
 Thy power at will withdraws, at will bestows.
 O lofty oak, whose interposing leaves,
 Veil with their cooling shade my fair one's eyes,
 And guard their sleep from Phœbus' dazzling glare,
 Fear not, when Jove the clouds with thunder cleaves,
 Fear not destruction from the angry skies ;
 Of darts more dread from waking love beware.



MICHELAGNOLO BUONAROTI.

BORN 1474, DIED 1564.

SONETTO X.

MICHELAGNOLO BUONAROTI.

Non è possibile vedere alcuna bellezza e non amarla.

PASSA per gli occhi al cuore in un momento

Di beltate ogni obbietto e leggiadria

Per sì piana, ed aperta, e larga via,

Che 'nvan forza il contrasta e ardimento.

Ond' io dubbio fra me, temo, e pavento

L' error ch'ogni alma dal suo fin desvia,

Nè so qual vista tra i mortali sia,

Che non si fermi al breve uman contento.

Pochi s' alzano al cielo ; a chiunque vive

D' amor nel fuoco e bee del suo veleno,

(Poichè fatale è amore al viver dato)

Se grazia nol trasporta all' alte e dive

Bellezze, e i desir là volti non sieno,

Oh che miseria è l'amoroso stato !

SONNET X.

MICHELAGNOLO BUONAROTI.

It is impossible to see beauty without loving it.

QUICK to the heart thro' the enraptur'd sight,
 Darts Beauty, soon as seen, love's piercing ray,
 So open, and so broad, so smooth the way,
 That human force would vainly check its flight.
 Hence doubt, and fear, and sorrow whelm me quite,
 To think how error leads the soul astray,
 How mortal eyes in fond beguilement stay,
 Fix'd on the visions of short-liv'd delight.
 Few unto heav'n aspire ; and they whose hearts
 Love's poison withers with consuming fires,
 (For love's existence is decreed by fate)
 Nor Grace her elevating aid imparts
 To raise to things divine their base desires,
 Oh ! on such love what miseries await !

SONETTO LVI.

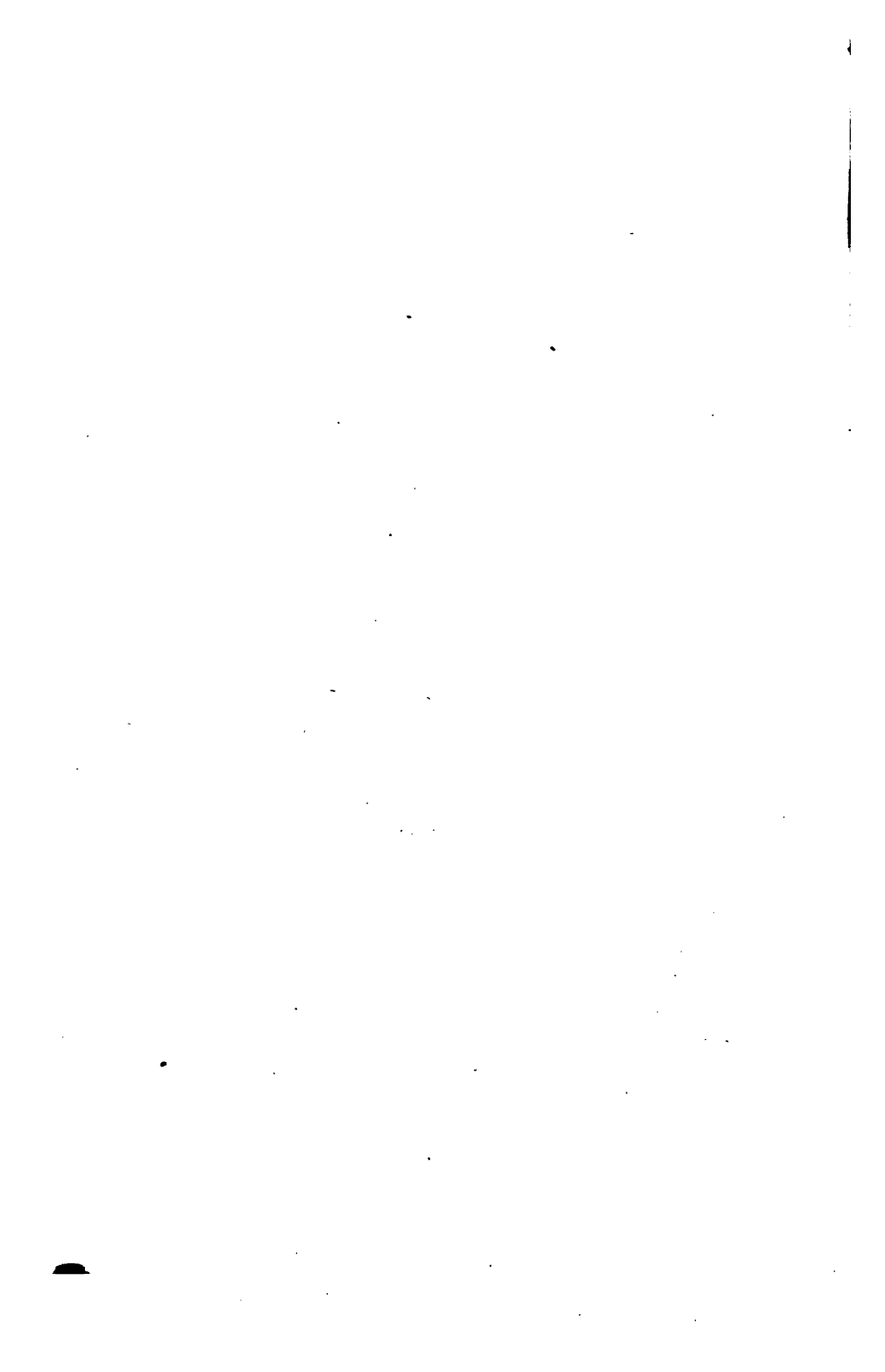
MICHELAGNOLO BUONAROTI.

GIUNTO è già 'l corso della vita mia
Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca
Al commun porto, ov' a render si varca
Giusta ragion d'ogni opra trista, e pia ;
Onde l' affettuosa fantasia,
Che l' arte si fece idolo e monarca,
Conosco ben quant' era d' error carca ;
Ch' errore è ciò che l' uom quaggiù desia.
I pensier miei già de' mie' danni lieti,
Che fian or s' a due morte m' avvicino ?
L' una m' è certa, e l' altra mi minaccia.
Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queti ;
L' anima volta a quell' amor divino,
Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

SONNET LVI.

MICHELAGNOLO BUONAROTI.

Now has my life, in fragile bark convey'd,
 Travers'd at length a stormy sea and vast
 To that one destin'd port, where all have past,
 And all men's deeds shall be in judgment weigh'd.
 Whence this my stubborn fancy, which has made
 Of Art its sovereign Idol, finds at last
 How false th' enchantment which long held it fast,
 And how poor man is by his hopes betray'd ;
 The mind, which in my ruin found its joy,
 What is it now that twofold death draws near ?
 This ah ! too sure, and that still worse I fear ;
 Sculpture and Painting can no more employ ;
 My soul seeks refuge in his love who gave
 His life upon the cross my life to save.



MONTI.

BORN 1758.

SONETTO.

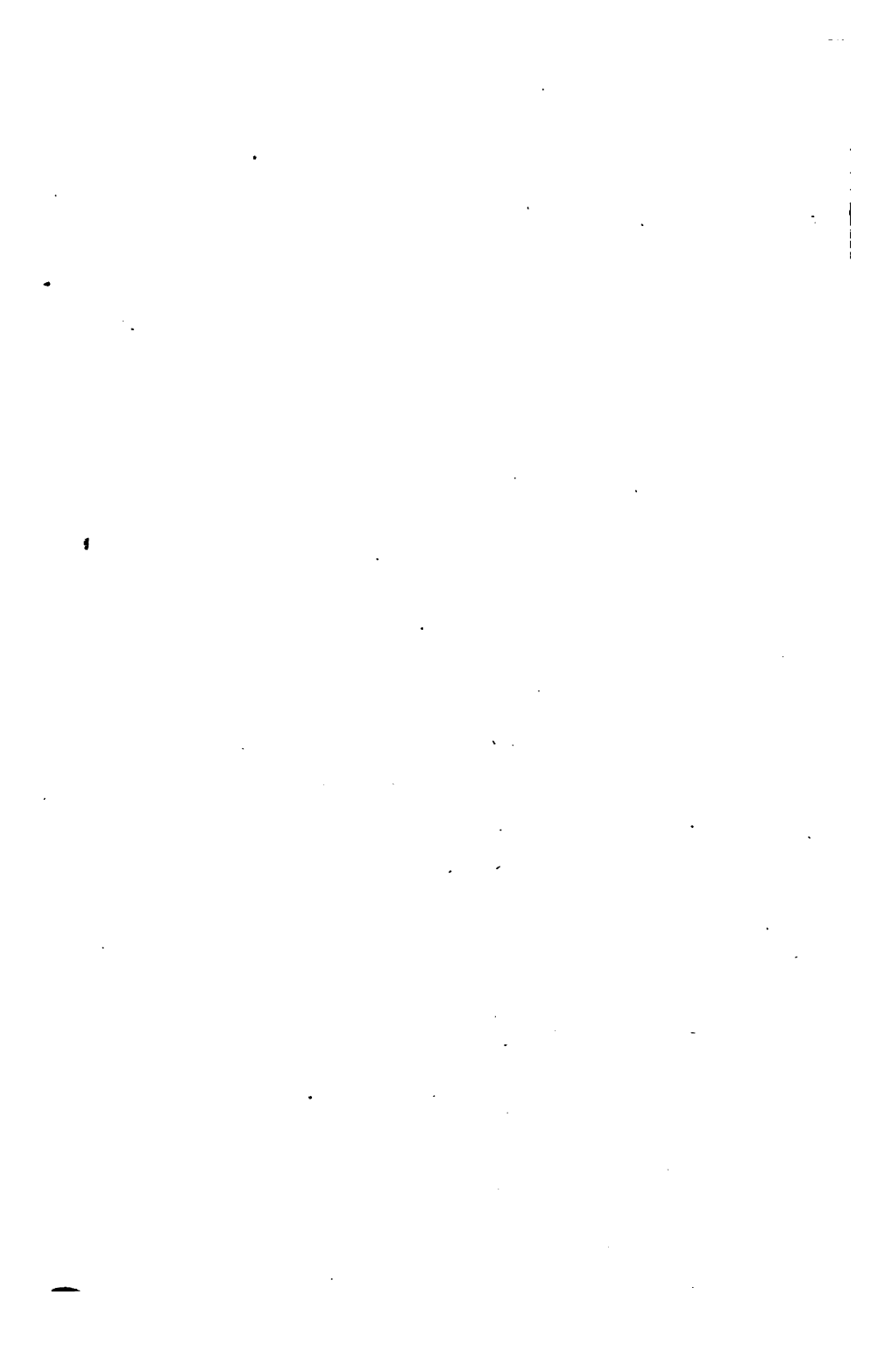
L' OMBRA D' ALFIERI CHE PARLA AL NORTHUMBERLAND.

ANGLICO altiero Pin d' alloro ornato,
Che su l' onde d' Atlante a estremi lidi
Il vincitor de' rei vinto alfin guidi,
Cui in esilio or vuol de' regi il fato ;
Giunto alla metà, a lui con volto irato
L' onta palesa de' suoi Galli infidi,
E i non mertati ceppi, e il pianto, e i gridi
D' Italia narra a lui d' Italia nato.
Digli, che pena è d' empio figlio degna
La sua, perchè vendeva con arte prava
La nobil madre a meretrice indegna ;
E ben fu 'tale, e il sallo, e tal la veggio,
Or superba, or viliacca, e sempre schiava,
Gallia tomba a virtude, e a vizio seggio.

SONNET.

THE SHADE OF ALFIERI ADDRESSES THE NORTHUMBERLAND.

PROUD pine of England, o'er the Atlantic sea
 Bearing with laurell'd prow to yon far shore,
 Of mighty Kings the conquer'd conqueror,
 Now doom'd by Kings to exile's dread decree ;
 When thou arriv'st, sternly and scornfully
 His false Gauls' shame, to him, their chief disclose ;
 Tell Him, Italia's son, Italia's woes,
 Her wrongs and insults, chains and slavery.
 Tell him, such doom for such a son is meet,
 Who deaf to honour's, deaf to nature's call,
 Laid his high mother at a harlot's feet :
 For such she was, he knew, and such is Gaul,
 The tomb of virtue, and of vice the seat,
 Haughty or grovelling, still a slave in all.



ALFIERI.

BORN 1749, DIED 1803.

SONETTO.

VICTOR ALFIERI.

O GRAN padre Allighier, se dal ciel miri
Me non indegno tuo discepol starmi,
Dal cor traendo profondi sospiri,
Prostrato innanzi a tuoi funerei marmi;
Piacciati, deh! propizio à bei desiri,
D' un raggio di tua mente illuminarmi:
Uom che a perenne e prima gloria aspiri
Contro invidia e viltà dee stringer l' armi?
Figlio, i' le strinsi, e ben men duol, che dièdi
Nome in tal guisa a gente tanto bassa
Da non pur calpestarsi co' miei piedi.
Se in me fidi, tuo sguardo non abbassa;
Va, tuona, vinci, e niun costor vedi,
Non che parlarne; ma sovr' essi passa.

SONNET.

ALFIERI AT THE TOMB OF DANTE.

DANTE, from heav'n, where now thou art, incline ;
 If not profanely I may call thee Sire,
 Hear the deep sighs which I thy Son respire,
 Prostrate before thy monumental shrine ;
 Vouchsafe with thy intelligence divine
 To gratify no vulgar soul's desire ;
 " Shall he who glory worships, wreak his ire
 " On vice and envy ?" " Son, such foes were mine,
 " And I did bare my sword ; and much I grieve,
 " That thus I gave an Immortality
 " To wretches, on whose necks I should contemn
 " To set my foot ; if thou in me believe,
 " Go on, and conquer ; look not down on them,
 " But keep thy course in silence, and pass by."

SONETTO.

VICTOR ALFIERI.

O CAMERETTA, che già in te chiudesti
Quel grande alla cui fama è angusto il mondo,
Quel gentile d'amor mastro profondo
Per cui Laura ebbi in terra onor celesti.

O di pensier soavemente mesti
Solitario ricovero giocondo!
Di che lagrime amare il petto inondo
In veder che ora inonorato resti!

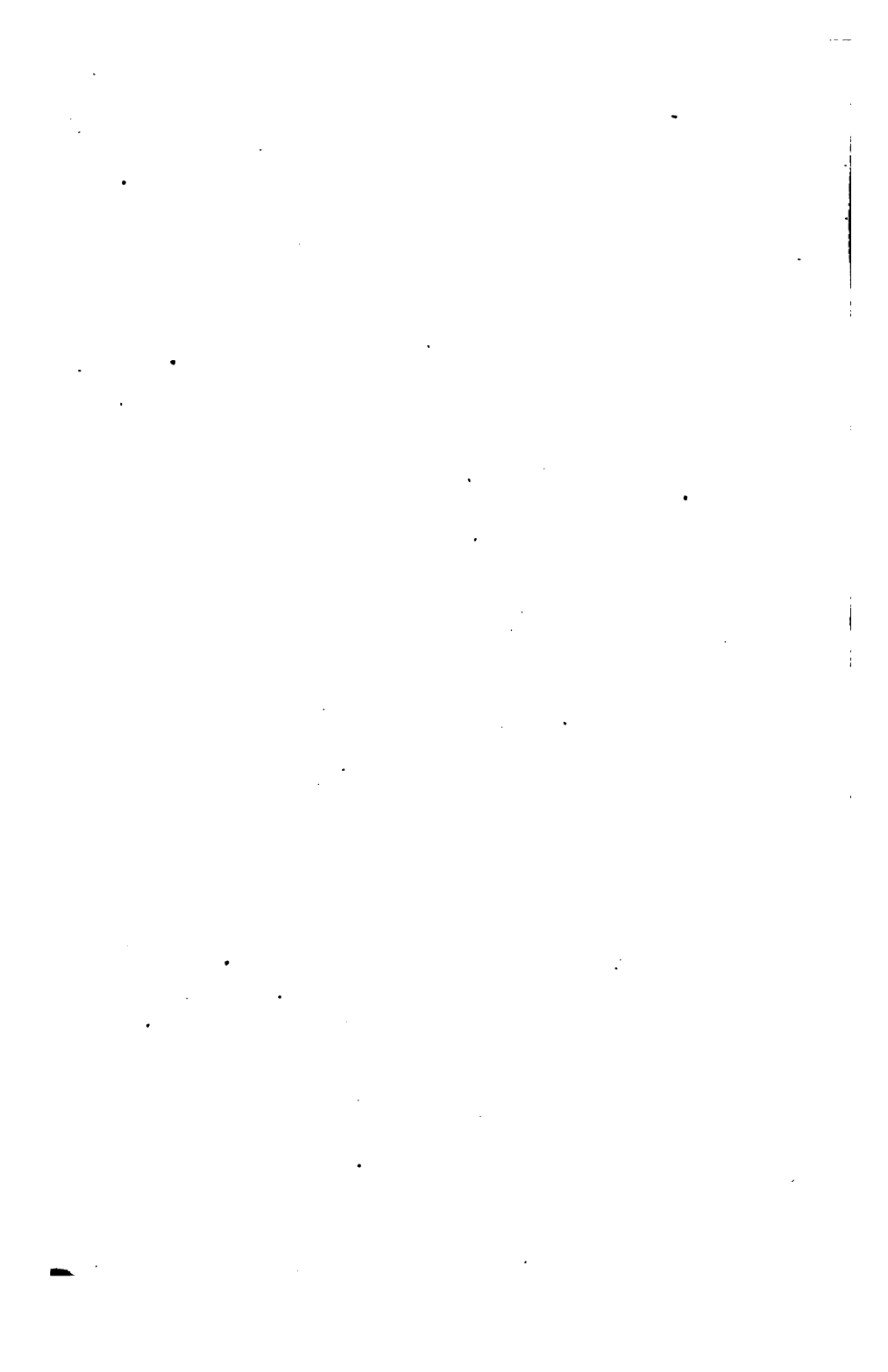
Prezioso diaspro, agata, ed oro
Foran debito fregio e appena degno
Di rivestir sì nobile tesoro.

Ma no: tomba fregiar d'uom ch'ebbe regno
Vuolsi, e per gemme ove disdice alloro:
Qui basta il nome di quel Divo Ingegno.

SONNET.

ALFIERI IN PETRARCH'S CHAMBER AT ARQUA.

CHAMBER, that didst in this small space confine
Him, for whose fame earth is too small a bound,
Him, Bard of love most pure and most profound,
Whence Laura had on earth honors divine ;
What recollections sad, yet sweet, are mine,
As slow I pace thy solitary round !
What tears bedew my breast, who thee have found
Still wanting honors, which are duly thine !
Here was, indeed, a temple and a shrine
For marble, gold, and precious stones : yet no :
Thou hast no need of these ; and they may be
Fit ornaments for royal tombs, and shine
With lustre, where the laurel will not grow ;
The name of Petrarch is enough for thee.



PIETRO DELLE VIGNE.

**BORN TOWARDS THE END OF THE TWELFTH
CENTURY.**

SONETTO.

PIETRO DELLE VIGNE.

PERO ch' amore non si pò vedere
E non si trata corporalamente,
Quanti ne son di si folle sapere
Che credono ch' amore sia niente !
Ma pochè amore si face sentire
Dentro dal cor signorezar la zente,
Multo mazore presio de' avere
Che s' el vedesse visibilmente.
Per la vertute de la calamita
Come lo ferro atra non si vede,
Ma si la tira signorevolmente ;
E questa cosa à credere m' invita
Ch' amore sia, e dame grande fede
Che tutt' or fia creduto fra le zente.

SONNET.

FROM PIETRO DELLE VIGNE, GRAND CHANCELLOR OF
FREDERICK II.

The oldest Sonnet extant.

SINCE Love was ne'er to sight made known,
Nor prov'd by touch corporeally,
There are, whose minds so blind have grown,
They deem him a non-entity ;
But since the heart within doth own
Love's undisputed sovereignty,
His power, I ween, as great is shewn,
As if it shone forth visibly.
The magnet thus attracts the steel ;
None can the acting influence find,
Yet still it draws resistlessly—
And hence that Love exists I feel,
And soon or late shall all mankind
Confess his personality.



FILICAIA.

BORN 1642, DIED 1707.

SONETTO XI.

VINCENZIO DA FILICAIA. 3. ALLA FORTUNA.

SE a chi t'adora ogni prudenza è tolta,
 E s'ogni tuo favor costa un delitto;
 Lode al Ciel, che d'odiarmi, empia, una volta
 Giurasti, e in marmo il giuramento hai scritto.
Ch'anzi trar questa vita, o poca o molta,
 Vo sempre in pianti sfortunato e afflitto;
 Che offrire incensi a Dëita si stolta,
 Onde il fato si cangi a me prescritto.
Nè pur tregua chiegg'io; Säette ultrici
 Su su m'avventa, non mai sazia o stanca.
 Più che i finti tuoi vezzi, amo i supplici,
Sì, gli amo, sì; ne'l mio soffrir sì stanca,
 Vero senno mancò sempre ai felici;
 Ai miseri conforto unqua non manca.

SONNET XI.

FILICOLA. 3. TO FORTUNE.

If they, O Fortune, who thy power adore,
 Prudence, and Honor for thy gifts resign,
 I thank thee, that thy hatred has been mine,
 And that thou keep'st the oath thy anger swore ;
 For thro' this life, be mine or less or more,
 In Poverty and Sorrow I may pine,
 But will not bow me at thine Idol's shrine
 The riches, which I prize not, to implore.
I ask no peace from thee ; thy darts of hate
 At me unquench'd, unsated, still may fly ;
 Thy love and not thy wrath I deprecate ;
 For this I have defied, and will defy ;
 Wisdom and Virtue shun the fortunate,
 But comfort to the wretched aye is nigh.

SONETTO LXXXVII.

FELICIA, I. ALL' ITALIA.

ITALIA, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai
 Funesta dote d' infiniti guai
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte;
 Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
 Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
 T' amasse men chi del tuo bello ai rai
 Par che si strugga, e pur ti afida a morte!
 Che or giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
 Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta
 Bever l' onda del Po Gallici armenti;
 Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
 Pagnar col braccio di straniero genti
 Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta.

SONNET LXXXVII.

FROM FILICIA. 1. TO ITALY.

ITALIA, O! Italia, thou whom Heaven
Has cursed with the gift of loveliness,
Ill-fated dower of infinite distress,
Which on thy beauteous brow thou bear'st engraven !
O! had less beauty or more strength been given ;
That he might fear thee more or love thee less,
Who now seems doating on thee to excess,
Now to despair and madness fain had driven ;
Then would not armed men, still, still be pour'd
Like torrents down the Alps, nor from the Po
Stain'd with thy blood would drink the hordes of Gaul ;
Nor would'st thou gird thee with another's sword,
Nor with the stranger's arm repel the foe,
Conquering or conquered, still the slave of all.

SONETTO LXXXVIII.

FILICAIA. 2. ALL' ITALIA.

Dov'è, Italia, il tuo braccio? e a che ti servi

Tu dell' altrui? non è, s'io scorgo il vero,

Di chi t'offende, il difensor men fero:

Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi.

Così dunque l'onor, così conservi

Gli avanzi tu del glorioso impero?

Così al valor, così al valor primiero

Che a te fede giurò, la fede osservi?

Or va; repudia il valor prisco, e sposa

L'ozio; e fra il sangue, i gemiti e le strida,

Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa:

Dormi, adultera vil, fin che omicida

Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnachiosa

E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t'uccida.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

FILICIA. 2. TO ITALY.

WHERE is thy arm, Italia? why implore
 Another's to defend thee? Thine ally
 Is but another, and worse enemy;
 Both are thy spoilers now, tho' slaves before.
 Thus dost thou guard the glories won of yore?
 Thus keep the relics of lost Empery?
 To valor thus maintain thy constancy,
 Who erst to thee eternal union swore?
 Go then, repudiate him, thy ancient spouse,
 And wed thyself to Sloth, and 'mid the cry
 Of thousands bleeding round thee, sleep secure;
 Sleep, vile adulteress! thee the sword shall rouse,
 And slay thee, all too weak to fight or fly,
 E'en on the bosom of thy paramour.

SONETTO CLXXXVI.

FILICAIA.

Il cadavero di S. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi guardato da un
lascivo giovane, si volge in altra parte.

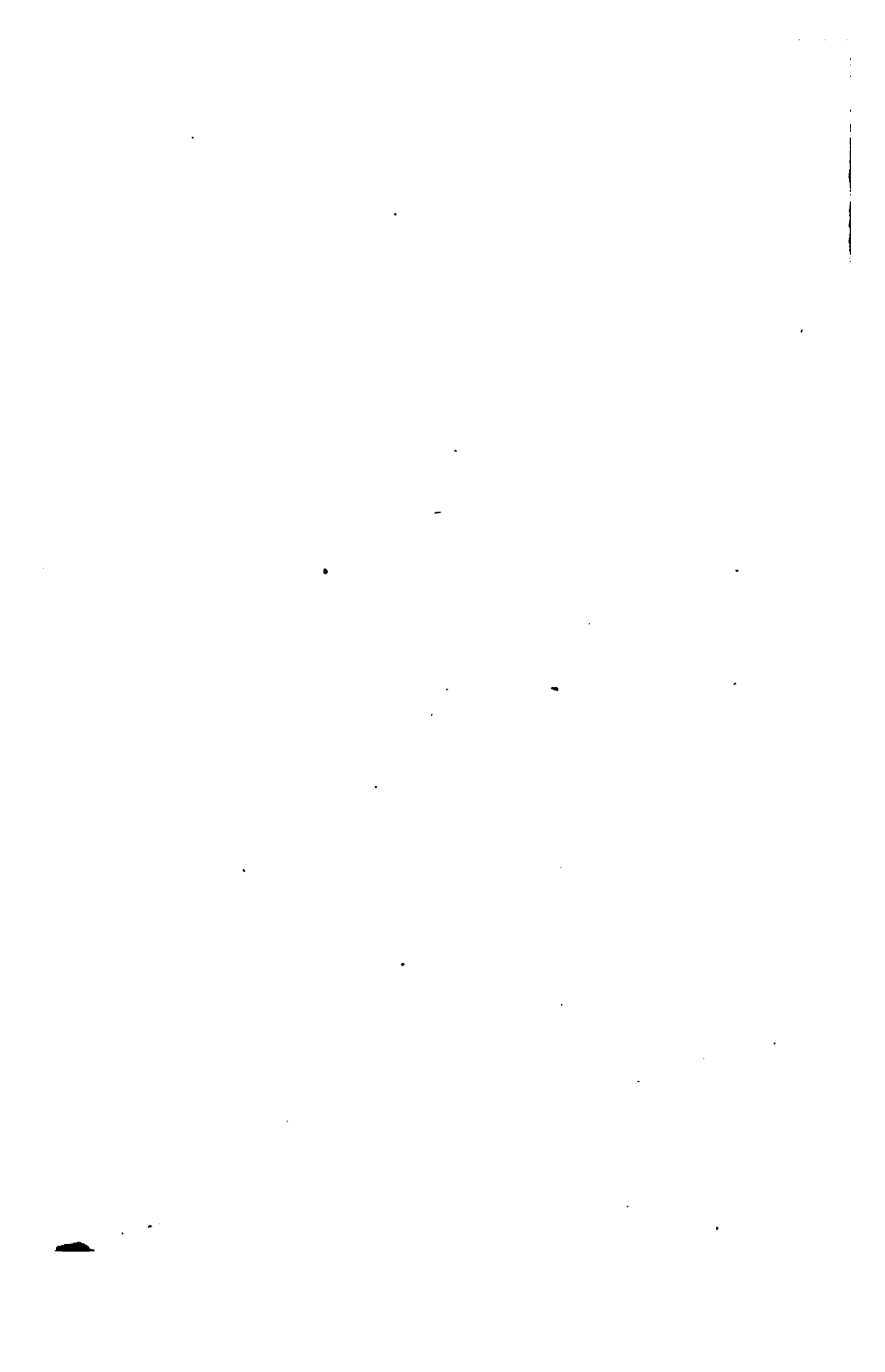
O tu che al guardo di pupille impure
Anco morta t' involi, e in forme nuove
Cauta e guardinga il casto ciglio altrove
Volgi, e sicura più, men t' assicure ;
Ferma ; e che temi ? se impudiche arsurre
Giel di morte non cura, ond' è che dove
Non à loco il periglio, ivi ritrove
Loco la tema, e scampo a te procure ?
Ma benchè i lidi eterni or la tua prora
Tenga, pur tu di colpa rea l' artiglio
Temi, di vita e di timor già fuori.
Onde apprenda ciascun, che bel consiglio
È il paventar mai sempre, e dove ancora
Il periglio non à, finger periglio.

SONNET CLXXXVI.

FILICAIA.

The body of S. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi turns away from the gaze
of a Libertine.

O THOU, who from the gaze of eyes impure
Shrinkest, tho' dead, in terror and dismay,
And fearful, as not yet of harm secure,
Thy modest brow dejecting turn'st away;
O what hast thou to fly from? Death be sure
Bids the fierce fires of earthly love decay;
And why should fear of danger still endure
Where danger can no longer find its way?
Thy home is now on that eternal shore;
But guilt is still a terror in thine eyes
Tho' life and all life's terrors are no more.
Hence may we learn, that fear for us is wise;
Nor less to shun the sin that hath no power
To harm us, than the ill which open lies.



FILIPPO ROSA MORANDO.

SONETTO

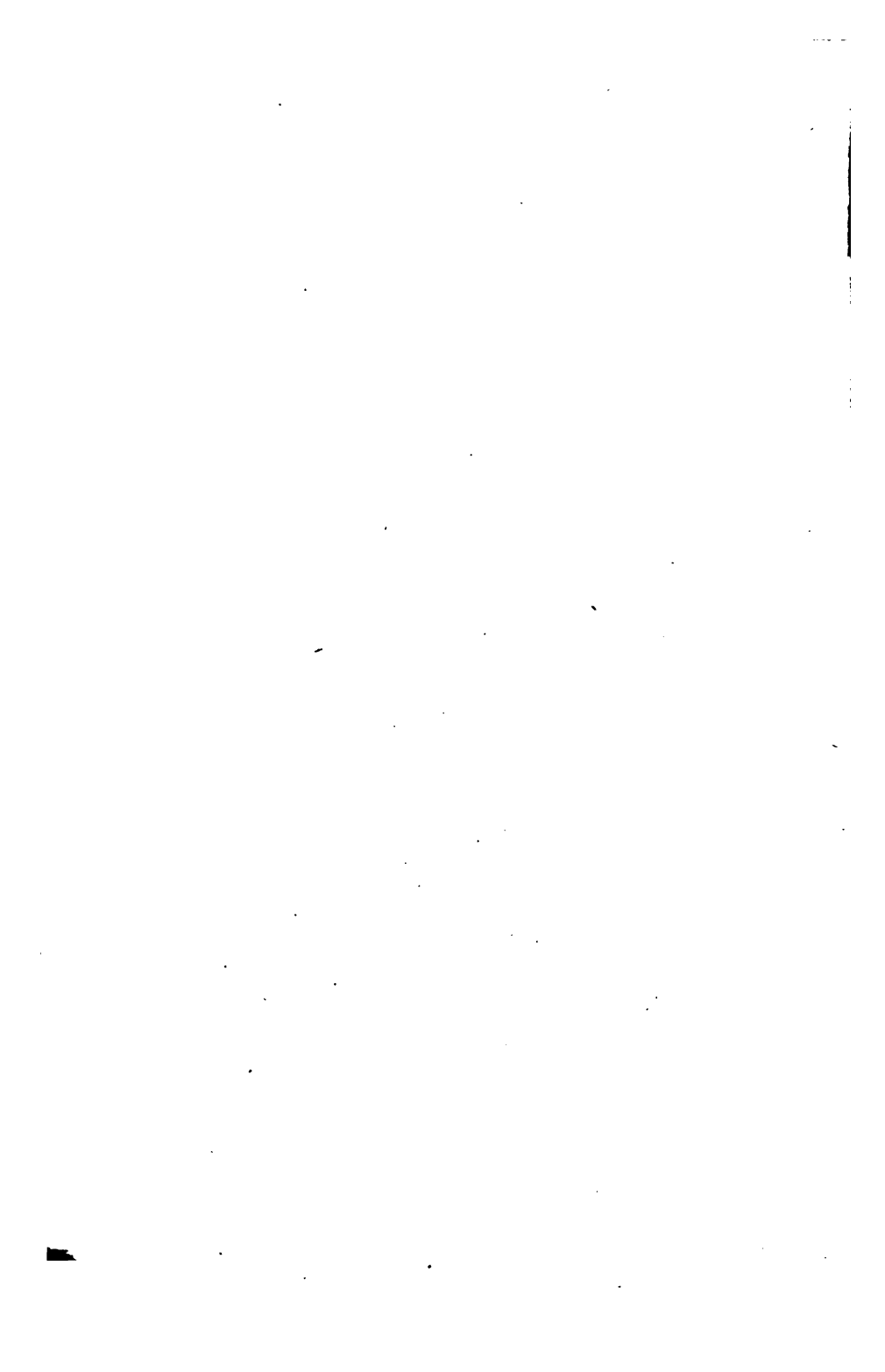
FILIPPO ROSA MORANDO.

PLACIDA aurette! ch' or tra fiore e fiore,
Or tra verdi arboscelli errando vai,
Se le fiamme d' amor provasti mai,
(Ch' anche i più fieri venti arser d' amore,)
Questi ardenti sospir che' l tristo core
Versa piangendo, e lo perchè tu sai,
Porta a quel Sol che celami suoi rai,
Me qui lasciando in tenebroso orrore.
Vanne, così benigno Eolo ti sia;
E di a Madonna: A voi dolente e solo
Questi sospiri il vostro amante invia.
Errar non puoi; dov' è più verde il suolo,
Il ciel più chiaro, ivi è la Donna mia,
Ivi è il fin de' miei voti, e del tuo volo.

SONNET

FILIPPO ROSA MORANDO.

O GENTLE air, that thus from flower to flower,
From tree to tree in wanton flight dost rove,
If ever thou the force of love didst prove,
(And fiercest winds 'tis said have own'd his power)
These burning sighs, which I in anguish pour,
Bear to that Sun (for well thou know'st their cause):
That Sun, which now its heavenly light withdraws,
Leaving me here, where gloomy horrors lower;
Go; so to thee may Eolus favor shew;
And to my mistress say; " These sighs I bear
Breath'd from a hopeless lover's inmost soul."
Fear not to err; where plains more verdant glow,
Where skies are brighter, she, be sure, is there,
There of my vows, and of thy course the goal.



PIETRO BEMBO.

BORN 1470, DIED 1547.

SONETTO

PIETRO BEMBO.

Son questi que' begli occhi in cui mirando
Senza difesa far, perdei me stesso ?
È questo quel bel ciglio a cui si spesso
Invan del mio languir mercè dimando ?
Son queste quelle chiome, che legando
Vanno il mio cor sì ch' ei ne muore espresso ?
O volto ! che mi stai nell' alma impresso,
Perch' io viva di me mai sempre in bando,
Parmi veder nella tua fronte Amore
Tener suo maggior seggio, e d' una parte
Volar speme, piacer, tema, e dolore ;
Dall' altra, quasi stelle in ciel consparte,
Quinci e quindi apparir senno, valore,
Bellezza, leggiadra, natura, ed arte.

SONNET.

CARDINAL BEMBO.

ARE these those eyes, before whose dazzling gaze
 I fell at once, o'ercome without defence ?
 Is this that brow, to whose omnipotence
 My voice so oft in vain for pity prays ?
ARE these those locks, in whose beguiling maze
 My heart is bound in lifeless impotence ?
 O thou, whose charms have sto'n my ev'ry sense,
 Which far from me in fond delusion strays,
 Upon thy front, bright visage, love his throne
 Has fix'd ; and while from this side hope and fear,
 Sorrow and joy, I see their influence dart ;
 On that, like stars in heav'n's pure azure sown,
 In bright confusion issuing forth appear,
 Beauty, and goodness, wisdom, nature, art.



SERAFINO DA L' AQUILA.

BORN 1466, DIED 1500.

SONETTO.

SERAFINO DA L'AQUILA.

QUANDO nascesti, Amor? Quando la terra
Si rinveste di verde e bel colore.
Di che fosti creato? D'un ardore
Che ciò lascivo in sè rinchiude e serra.
Chi ti produsse a farmi tanta guerra?
Calda speranza, e gelido timore.
Ove prima abitasti? in gentil core,
Che sotto al mio valor presto s'atterra.
Chi fu la tua nutrice? Giovinezza,
E le sue serve accolte a lei d'intorno,
Leggiadria, Vanità, Pompa, e Bellezza.
Di che te pasci? D'un guardar adorno.
Non può contro di te morte o vecchiezza?
No: ch'io rinasco mille volte il giorno.

SONNET.

SERAFINO DA L' AQUILA.

WHEN wert thou born, O Love? When earth was drest
 In flowers, and deck'd in all her green attire.
 Of what wert thou created? Of that fire
 Which in her amorous bosom burns compress'd.
 Who gave thee power thus to distract the breast
 With endless war? Warm hope and chilling fear.
 Where didst thou first inhabit? Hearts sincere,
 Which bow beneath my influence first and best.
 Who nurs'd thee? Youth, and that fair train, which go
 Her handmaids, wheresoe'er she bends her way,
 Beauty, and Grace, and Vanity, and Show.
 What sweets have fed thee? Gentle looks were they.
 Have Age or Death no power against thee? No,
 I die and spring to life a thousand times a day.



ALFONZO PETROCCHI.

DIED IN THE PONTIFICATE OF LEO X. AGED 28.

SONETTO.

ALFONZO PETROCCHI.

Io chiesi al Tempo ; “ Ed a chi sorse il grande
Ampio edificio che qui al suol traesti ?”
Ei non risponde, e più veloci e presti
Fuggitivo per l'aer i vanni spande.
Dico alla Fama ; “ O tu che all' ammirande
Cose dàì vita, e questi avanzi e questi !”
China ella gli occhi conturbati e mesti,
Qual chi dogliosi alti sospir tramande.
Io già volgei maravigliando il passo,
Quando sull' alta mole, altero in mostra,
Visto girsene Obbligo di sasso in sasso.
“ Ah tu,” gridai, “ forse apristi, ah ! mostra.”
Ma in tuono ei m' interruppe orrido e basso,
“ Io di chi fu non curo ; adesso e nostra.”

SONNET.

ALFONZO PETROCCHI.

I ASK'D of Time, " To whom was rais'd on high
 That mighty fane, thy hand to dust has hurl'd ?"
 He answer'd not ; but his broad wings unfurl'd,
 And rush'd with quicker sweep athwart the sky.
To Fame I turn'd : " What wrecks are these, reply,
 O Thou, from whom all glorious things have birth ;"
 Disturb'd and sad she bent her eyes to earth,
 As one who draws with pain the deep-fetch'd sigh.
In wonder lost my steps I turn'd aside,
 When on a lofty mound with haughty air
 From stone to stone I saw Oblivion stride.
" Ah ! Thou perchance hast learn'd ; do thou declare."
 But he with hollow tone abrupt replied,
" Whose they have been I reckon not ; mine they are."



GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

SONETTO

DI GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

G. **PERCHE** t' hai **SERAFIN**, **Morte**, offeso tanto !

M. Che al Cielo e mi fue sue virtù moleste.

G. A te perchè ? M. Ch' un dì potra con queste

Farsi immortal e tormi 'l Regno e 'l vanto.

G. Al Ciel perchè ? M. Rubò del Regno santo

E portò in terra l' harmonia celeste.

G. Perchè il feristi con subita Peste ?

M. Che non potesse svolgermi con canto.

G. Dunque è rebel di Dio ? M. Non : perchè ha ora

Li Dei placati ; e tanto piace e vale

Che chi quaggiù l' odiò, là su l' honora.

G. Tu hor che fai ? M. L' error piango e 'l mio male.

Non ho possuto far che in Terra mora ;

E in Ciel, non credendo io, fatto è immortale.

SONNET.

GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

G. **W**HY, Death, thy hand on SERAFINO lay?

D. "To me, and heav'n his worth annoyance wrought."

G. Wherefore to thee? D. "Because by this he sought

"To live for aye, and break my empire's sway."

G. Wherefore to heav'n? D. "From heaven he stole away,

"And heav'nly harmony to mortals taught."

G. Why was his end by means so sudden brought?

D. "Lest by his song he might my wrath allay."

G. Is he then curs'd? D. "Not so; the powers above

"Are soften'd by his presence, and who here

"Hated him most, now honor him, and love."

G. And thou? D. "To me remains remorse severe;

"For not on Earth my power hath made him die,

"And there in Heav'n he lives immortally."



ANGELO DA' COSTANZA.

BORN 1507, DIED 1590.

SONETTO

DI ANGELO DA COSTANZA.

CIGNI felici, che le rive e l' acqua
Del fortunato MINCIO in guardia avete,
Deh, s' egli è ver per Dio mi rispondete,
Tra vostri nidi il gran VIRGILIO nacque ?
Dimmi, bella SIRENA, ove à lui piacque
Trapassar' l' ore sue tranquille e liete,
Così sian l' ossa tue sempre quiete,
E ver' che 'n grembo à te morendo giacque ?
Qual' maggior' Grazia aver dalla Fortuna
Potea ? qual' fin' conforme al nascer' tanto ?
Qual sepolcro più simile alla cuna ?
Ch' essendo nato tra' l' sôave canto
Di bianchi Cigni, al fin' in veste bruna,
Esser', dalle Sirene, in morte pianto ?

SONNET.

ANGELO DA COSTANZA.

YE who, where Mincio's hallow'd waters stray,
 Fortunate Swans, your faithful guard maintain,
 Tell, is it true, that 'mid your soft nests lain
 Great Virgil first beheld the light of day?
And Thou, most beautiful of Sirens, say,
 (So may thy bones in peace for aye remain)
 Did He where erst he sung his sweetest strain,
 Mix'd with thine own his sacred ashes lay?
For oh! what happier lot could he desire?
 What brighter dawn conduct to softer close?
 What tomb and cradle in their kind more meet?
Than thus to life awaken'd by the quire
 Of tuneful swans; dying, to seek repose
 Amid the song of Sirens sad and sweet.



CIAPETTI.

In the work printed by Storti, Venice, 1791, entitled, "Scelta di Sonetti," this Sonnet is attributed to Conte Giulio Bassi.

SONETTO.

CIAPETTI.

GLORIA, che sei mai tu ? per te l' audace

Espone ai dubbj rischj il petto forte ;

Su i fogli accorcia altri l' età fugace

E per te bella appar l' istessa morte.

Gloria, che sei mai tu ? con egual sorte

Chi ti brama, e chi t' ha, perde la pace ;

L' acquistarti è gran pena, e all' alme accorte

Il timor di smarrirti è più mordace.

Gloria, che sei mai tu ? sei dolce frode,

Figlia di lungo affanno, un' aura vana,

Che fra sudor si cerca, e non si gode ;

Tra i vivi, cosa sei d' invidia insana ;

Tra i morti, dolce suono a chi non l' ode,

Gloria, flagel della superbia umana.

SONNET.

FROM CIAPETTI.

O GLORY, what art thou? For thee the brave
 Bare their firm breasts to risks they do not know;
 The Sage, the Bard sink toiling to the grave,
 And death is chang'd for life, like bliss for woe.
O Glory, what art thou? Which they who crave,
 And they who have, all happiness forego;
 'Tis hard to gain thee, and when gain'd to save
 With fear of losing thee, is doubly so.
O Glory, what art thou? daughter of care,
 Sought amid dust and sweat, but ne'er enjoy'd,
 A sweet deceit, a passing breath of air;
In life, the source of envy ne'er destroy'd;
 In death, sweet sound to him that cannot hear;
 Glory, thou art the scourge of human pride.



GIOVANNI BATTISTA ZAPPI.

BORN 1667, DIED 1719.

SONETTO XLI.

ZAFFI.

CENTO vezzosi pargoletti Amori

Stavano un di scherzando in riso e in gioco :

Un di lor cominciò : si voli un poco :

Dove ? un rispose : ed egli : in volto a Clori.

Disse, e volaron tutti al mio bel foco,

Qual nuvol d' api al più gentil de' fiori :

Chi 'l crin, chi 'il labbro tumidetto in fuori,

E chi questo si prese, e chi quel loco.

Bel vedere il mio ben d' Amori pieno !

Due con le faci eran ne gli occhi, e dui

Sedean con l' arco in sul ciglio sereno.

Era tra questi un Amorisco, a cui

Mancò la gota e 'l labbro, e cadde in seno.

Disse a gli altri : chi sta meglio di nui ?

SONNET XLI.

ZAPPI.

AN urchin troop of Cupid's wanton race
In joke and laughter met to wile the day ;
When one "To wing" exclaim'd, "and let's away :"
"Where shall we bend our flight?" "To Chloe's face."
No more, but there they sped with rapid pace,
As bees rush forth to sip the flowers of May ;
Some seek the hair, some with the soft cheeks play,
Some make the budding lips their nestling-place.
Bright shone the Nymph, with Loves all cover'd o'er :
Two with their torches sate within her eyes,
From the arch'd eye-brows two their darts bade fly.
One saw in all the face no station more ;
Within the bosom's folds he falls, and cries
Triumphant, "Who is now so bless'd as I ?

SONETTO XVII.

ZAPPI.

STASSI di Cipro in su la spiaggia amena
Un'altra reggia, dov' Amor risiede :
Colà mi spinsi, e di quel nume al piede
Presentai carta d' umiltà ripiena.
Sire (il foglio dicea) Tirsi, che in pena
Servio finor, la libertà ti chiede :
Nè crede orgoglio il dimandar mercede
Dopo sei lustri di servil catena.
La carta ei prese, e in essa il volto affisse :
Ma legger non potea, ch' egli era cieco :
E conobbe il suo scorno, e se ne afflisse.
Indi con atto disdegnoso e bieco
Gittommi in faccia lo mio scritto, e disse ;
Dallo a la morte ; ella ne parli meco.

SONNET XVII.

ZAPPI.

ON Cyprus' shore in radiant splendor glows
A lofty palace, Love's imperial seat ;—
I enter'd, and beneath the monarch's feet,
Laid humbly the sad story of my woes.
" Sire," thus 'twas written, " freedom and repose
" I who have serv'd so patient now entreat,
" Nor deem the prayer presumptuous, boon unmeet,
" Who've seen of servitude six lustres close."
Love took the writing, and to read it turn'd,
But the blind God could nought within discern ;
He felt his shame, and quick with anger burn'd ;
Then with indignant mien, and aspect stern
Trampling the scroll upon the ground, he cried,
" Give it to Death ; let him thy fate decide."

SONETTO XX.

ZAPPI. IL MOISE.

CHI è costui che in dura pietra scolto
Siede gigante ; e le più illustre e conte,
Prove dell' arte avanza : e ha vive e pronte
Le labbia sì che le parole ascolto ?
Quest' è MOISE ! Ben m' el diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte :
Quest' è MOISE quando scendea dal monte
E gran parte del nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor che le sonante e vaste
Acque ei sospese à se d' intorno ; e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tombar altrui !
E voi, sue turbe, un rio vitello alzaste !
Alzata aveste imago à questo eguale !
Ch' era men' fallo l' adorar costui.

SONNET XX.

ZAPPI. MOSES.

WHO's he, that shap'd in marble I behold,
 Wonder of human art, who on his throne
 Sits giantlike, whose lips half open shewn
 Seem moving his high mandates to unfold?
 'Tis Moses; by the horns of glory told,
 And the thick beard in ample honors strewn;
 'Tis Moses; such from Sion he came down
 Bearing his God's own impress; such of old
 He bade the waves suspended round him form
 A pathway; such the waters back he pour'd,
 And whelm'd the foe in the returning storm.
 Yet Israel rais'd that calf of gold abhorr'd—
 If she had rais'd like this her Patriarch's form,
 The guilt were less which here would have ador'd.

SONNET.

ZAPPI.

LULL'D by the treacherous calm, in sleep profound,
 Italia lies ; meanwhile black clouds obscure
 The heav'ns ; but she rests tranquil and secure ;
 The thunder breaks, but no one wakes around ;
Or he who wakes makes his own weal the bound
 Of his defence, nor heeds his neighbour's woe :
 Fond wretch ! as if the bolt that laid him low,
 O'er his own bark shall burst, an empty sound ;
E'en now the mast is struck, and on the deck
 Lies riv'n ; the helm is broken ; and the sweep
 Of the next sea shall overwhelm the shatter'd wreck.
O Italy ! 'tis this that makes me weep,
 For we must all then perish one by one
 When each is bent to save himself alone.

SONNET.

ZAPPL.

I HAVE call'd out, and I again will call,
Till Tiber, Po, and Arno, far and near,
Till the Tyrrhene, and Adriatic hear ;
One universal danger threatens all.

Let Italy before th' invader fall,
And bathe his feet with many an abject tear,
What boots it? Oh! her beauties are too dear,
And Conquest heeds not Pity's gentle call.

'Tis not the streaming eye, the pallid cheek,
That can subdue the foe ; not her despair,
But her destruction does his fury seek ;
If not to combat, let her arm to bear ;
For 'tis a mockery in a lot so weak
Not to submit to peace, yet fly from war.



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